

Childrens Colour Book of Lands & Peoples

EDITED BY THE EDITOR OF
PEOPLES OF ALL NATIONS
& COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD



Fifth Volume
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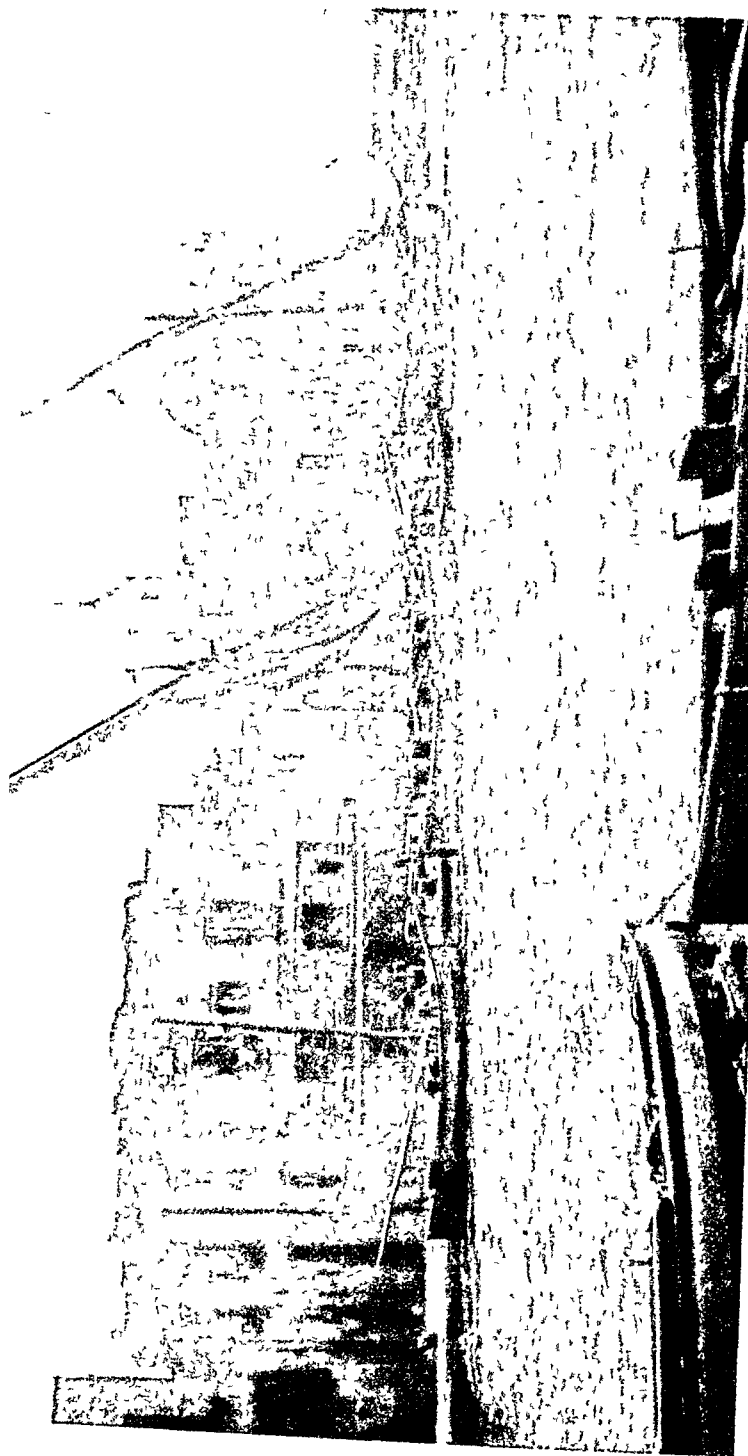
Fifth Volume

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PEOPLE OF SUNNY ITALY	(انجلی ایروب)	PAGE 17
Folk Whose Fortunes Were Makers of History	(کا مکتوب انجلی ایروب)	18
IN THE HEART OF AFRICA		
Among the Cannibals and Pygmies of the Congo		
A CITY OF ENCHANTMENT		
Paris a Capital That Charms the World	(پاریس (فرانس)	181
WHAT OTHER PEOPLE DO AT		
Cookery and Cook from Far and Near	(پخت و پز)	191
THROUGH TROPIC FAIRYLANDS		
The Malays of the Dutch East India	(مالایا (هندوستان)	191
IN TURKISH NEW REPUBLIC		
Baltic Land of Lathonia, Latvia and Lithuania	(لیتوانیا، لاتفیا، استونی)	193
THE LAND OF THE MORNING CRY		
Korea One of the World's Oldest Kingdoms	(کریا)	194
SOME OLD WALLED TOWNS		
Stronghold Made Weak by Modern Weapon	(حصن قلعہ کی بات)	195
EGYPT'S WONDERS OF THE PAST		
Its Wonders and Places and Their Builders	(مصر کی تاریخ)	196
CAPITALS IN MANY LANDS		
The Way of Nomads and Vagrant Folk	(گنبد)	197
THE ISLES OF THE WEST		
Ireland and the Islands of the Caribbean Sea	(آئرلینڈ، کاریبین)	198
AMERICA'S OTHER UNITED STATES		
Brazil the Giant of the Southern Continent	(برازیل (جنوبی امریکا)	199
LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT		
Thailand and Their Fascinating Country	(تھائی لینڈ)	200
THE CRYSTAL ISLAND		
The Country of an Indestructible Nation	(سویڈن)	201
MICROSCOPIC JAPANESE CIVILIZATION		
China's Littlest and the Most Wonderful Place	(چین کی چھوٹی جگہ)	202
THE GREAT WASTE LAND		
China's Great Desert	(چین کی بڑی صحرا)	203
A LEPP AT PEKING		
China Ancient and Modern Capital	(چین کی پeking)	204
LAND OF FIRE AND ICE		
Iceland - A Remarkable Island	(آئسلینڈ)	205
DANCE AND DANCERS		
Many Little Arts in Many Lands	(بہن)	206
THE STRENGTH OF RUNNING WATER		
How Power Can Turn Small Ships the Land	(پانی کی طاقت)	207
SWITZERLAND AND THE SWISS		
Beautiful Switzerland of the Alps	(سویٹزرلینڈ)	208
THE LAND OF A THOUSAND LAKE		
Finland and Its Progress	(فنلینڈ)	209
THE PEARL OF THE CHINA SEA		
Formosa and its Tribes of Saisan	(فیلپائن)	210

LIST OF COLOUR PLATES

PEOPLE OF SUNNY ITALY	PAGE	LAND OF THE WHITE LILIES	PAGE
Fishing Boats, Naples	1730	Royal Palace, Bangkok	1932
Castle of Arco	1731	Sumo & Actors	1933
Leaning Tower, Pisa	1734	Street in Bangkok	1936
Cathedral, Florence	1735	House on Piles	1937
Old San Rемо	1738	Buddhist Temple	1939
Piazza Vecchio, Florence	1739		
Riva	1742	THE GERMAN HOMELAND	
Sorrento	1743	Market place, Worms	1970
Fisherman of Salerno	1745	Merksturm, Rothenburg	1971
Boys of the Campagna	1748	Bavarian Peasants	1973
Girl of Abruzzi	1749	Bride of Buckburg	1975
Lake Orta	1752	St. Gaurshausen	1978
Washerwomen in Ormeau	1753	Houses at Spalt	1979
Lake Como	1756	Bavarian Bride	1982
Lake Maggiore	1757	Wendish Girls	1983
Amphitheatre, Pola	1760		
THROUGH TROPIC ISLANDS		THE GREAT WASTELANDS	
Young Dancer of Bali	1809	Dunes in the Sahara	2018
Balinese Woman	1812	Desert Wanderers	2019
Chieftain from Bali	1813	Gafsa, Tunisia	2022
Balinese Villagers	1816	Great Desert, Arabia	2023
Javanese Couple	1817	Saharan Oasis	2026
Sultan of Gora	1820	Large Tunisian Oasis	2027
Ploughman, Java	1821	Atacama Desert, Chile	2030
Two Javanese Women	1824	Sinai Peninsula	2031
Aristocrats of Bali	1826		
Ornamental Paddy-Holder	1827	A PRINCE AT PEKING	
Harvesting Rice	1830	Hall of Classics	2042
Two Men of Bali	1831	Entrance to Imperial Palace	2043
		Memorial Arch	2046
IN THREE NEW REPUBLICS		In the Forbidden City	2047
Lettish Women	1834		
Women of Rucwa	1835	ISLANDS OF FIRE AND ICE	
Spinner of Ousel Island	1838	Umanak, Ijord	2050
Esthonian Women	1839	Eskimo Boy	2051
		Eskimo Children	2054
EGYPT'S WONDERS OF THE PAST		Woman Carrying Baby	2055
Colossi of Memnon	1873		
Arch at Karnak	1876	THE WORK OF THE RIVERS	
Statue of Rameses II	1877	Alpine Valley	2080
Bust of a Lady	1880	River Drac	2092
Two Wooden Handmaidens	1881	Gorge of the Tarn	2093
Treasures in a Tomb	1884	Valley of the Isère	2096-7
Figure Beside a Shrine	1885	Gorge of Gondo	2100
Carving upon a Couch	1888	The Danube	2101
Statue of Tutankhamen	1890	Pass in Bulgaria	2101
Royal Treasure	1891		
Temple at Dair el Bahri	1894	SWITZERLAND AND THE SWISS	
Valley of the Nile	1895	The Matterhorn	2113
GYPSIES IN MANY LANDS		Girls of Hallau	2116
Spanish Gypsies	1898	Children at Unterschächen	2117
Gypsy Girl	1899	Mount Inecring	2120
Afghan Nomads	1902	On an Alpine Glacier	2121
Serbian Gypsy Orchestra	1903	Peasants and their Goats	2124
		Mountain Pastures	2125
BRAZIL		FINLAND	
Hill of Gavia	1945	Finnish Girl	2128
Botafogo Bay	1948		
Rio de Janeiro	1949		



NAPLES, THE "SIREN CITY," lies, as we see in page 1185, upon the northern shore of a lovely bay, at the southern end of which is Mount Vesuvius' smoking cone. It is a beautiful city in a beautiful position, but it is noisy and, in many parts, squalid. In the great

harbour lie all kinds of vessels—warships, liners, cargo steamers, and pleasure and fishing boats. It is the last that we see here, graceful craft with huge lateen sails that overtop the buildings, or the manned by sailors whose fishing-ground is the blue Mediterranean



THE CASTLE OF ARCO, from the city of Verona, Italy. The castle is a fine example of the architecture of the 14th century. It was built by the Scaligeri family and is one of the best-preserved examples of the architecture of the 14th century in Italy.



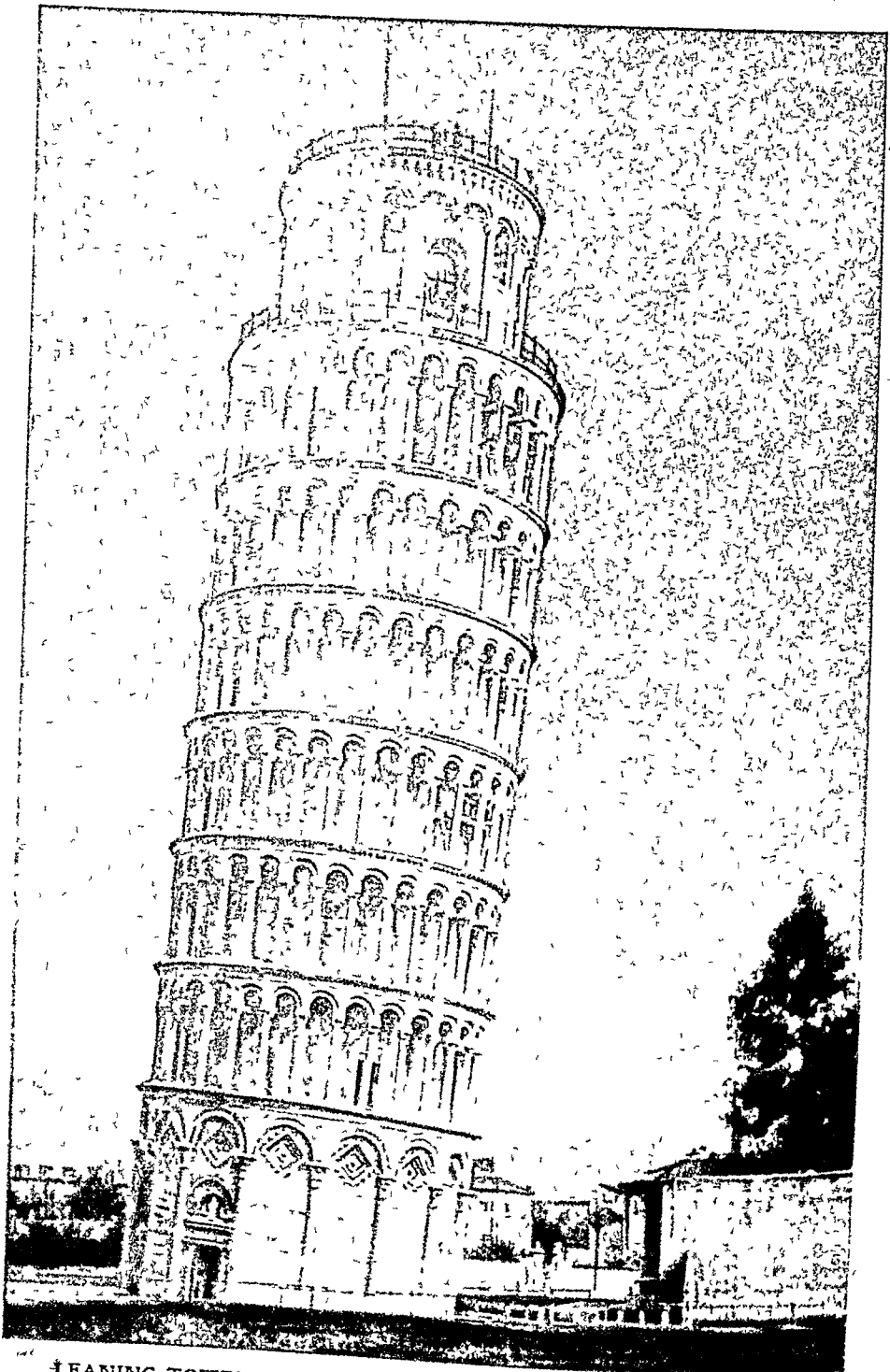
LEISURELY, LUMBERING OX-WAGON THAT IS USED ON THE LEVEL ROADS OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA

Once upon a time many prosperous cities occupied the wide plain known as the Campagna di Roma. Many people dwelt there, and the fertile ground yielded abundantly under the hands of the peasant farmers. Then, long ago, their small farms were replaced by large estates, and that started the ruin of the district. The land was neglected, mosquitoes bred in marshes no longer drained, and they brought malaria. The cities now lie in ruins, and the population is fever-stricken. An olive grove, such as this, is a rare sight

McLish

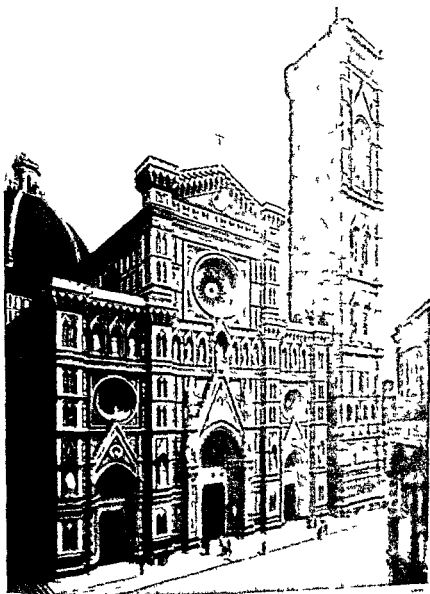
MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

1. In addition to the 100,000 men, women and children who are now in the military service, there are 100,000 more who are in the naval service, and 100,000 more who are in the air force.

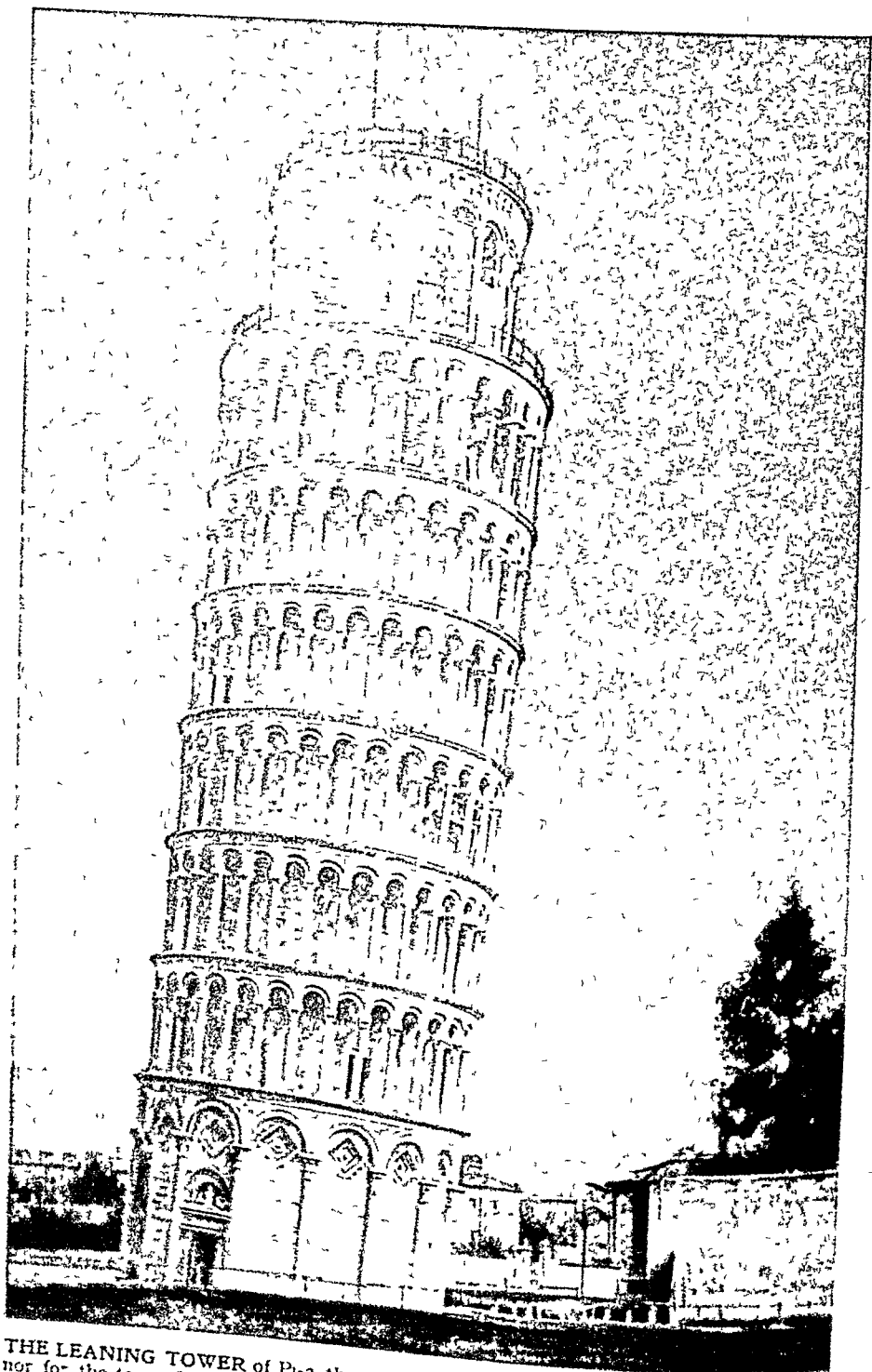


LEANING TOWER of Pisa, the cathedral's bell-tower, is famous, not for its beauty
the tone of its seven bells but because it is 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet out of the perpendicular

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THE DUOMO the cathedral of St. Maria all'Orto. The square in front of the cathedral is the largest in Milan.

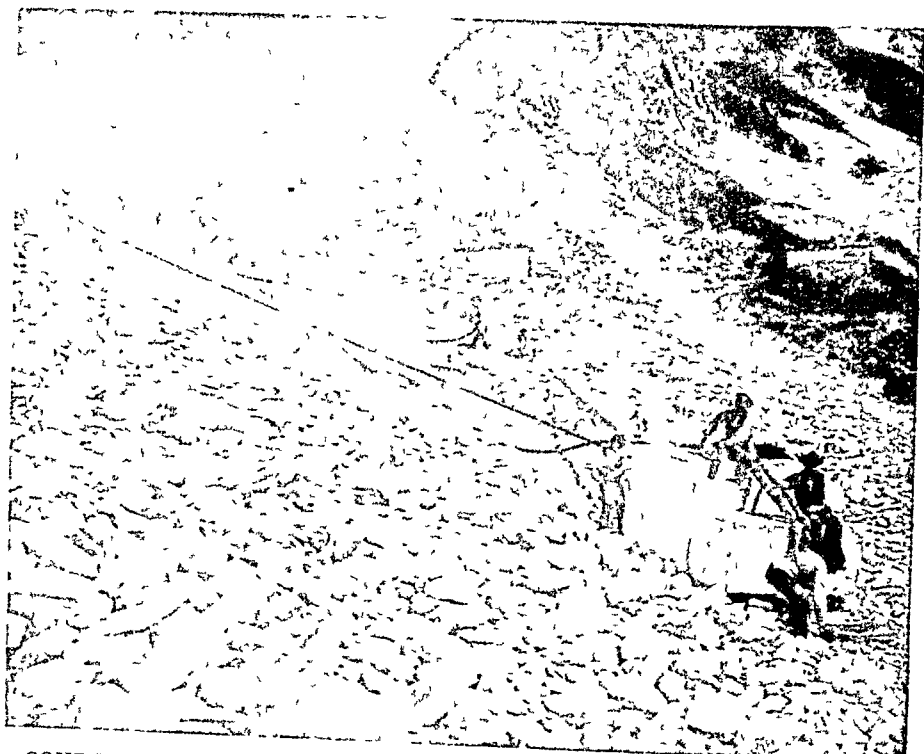


THE LEANING TOWER of Pisa the cathedral's bell-tower is famous, not for its beauty nor for the tone of its seven bells but because it is $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet out of the perpendicular

McLellan



THE DUOMO the cathedral of S. Maria del Fior in Florence is the fourth largest church in Europe. The square campanile is considered to be the first of its kind.



SOURCE OF THE RAW MATERIAL FOR MANY A WORK OF ART

The marble quarries of Carrara have been famous from the days of the ancient Romans, and have since then provided stone for many lovely buildings and many beautiful sculptures. The marble blocks, obtained by blasting, are roughly squared and dragged over the white debris by means of ropes and wooden rollers to the waiting ox-carts

the Bishop of Rome, as Pope, became the spiritual ruler of all Christendom. As the Church grew wealthy it fostered learning and the arts, and when Constantinople fell in 1453 and its scholars fled from the Turks, it was Italy that welcomed them and was foremost in that revival of learning known as the Renaissance.

During the centuries the country was parcelled out between various rulers. A gift of land from Pepin, the King of the Franks and the father of Charlemagne, to the Pope was the beginning of the Papal States, which were situated in central Italy and included the city of Rome. Naples and most of southern Italy, with Sicily, became "The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies," and so on. Many cities, with their surrounding lands, became little republics, and when not fighting invaders, they fought each other. They were not united into the kingdom of Italy until 1871.

Considering the almost constant fighting, it is a wonder that medieval Italy found time for anything else. Yet the fact remains that her architects have given us some of the finest cathedrals and palaces in the world, her poets rank amongst the "immortals," and her artists have left a wealth of wonderful pictures and statues.

There are many types among the people. The Italian with olive skin and very dark hair and eyes is found in the south, but going north we find a sprinkling of other types. The red-gold or auburn-haired beauties of Tuscany and Venice are famous, and north of the Apennines it is easy to see that the people, both in appearance and character, have a good deal of the blood of the fairer and more energetic northern invaders in their veins.

The northern portion of Italy is a vast plain, usually known as the Plain of



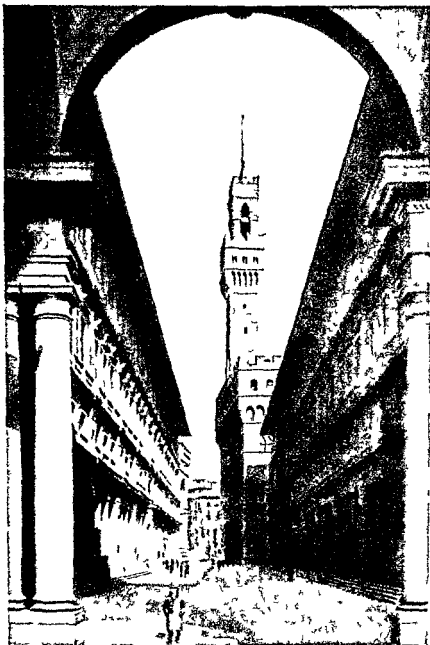
GLIMPSE OF TRISTE AT THE HEAD OF THE ADRIATIC SEA

The great port of Trieste has not been Italian very long though it was originally an Austrian colony. It came under Austrian rule in 1797 but after the Great War it was given to Italy. The new part of the city lies on the level ground around the railway station, while the old town, with its winding narrow streets, clings to the steep Castle Hill.

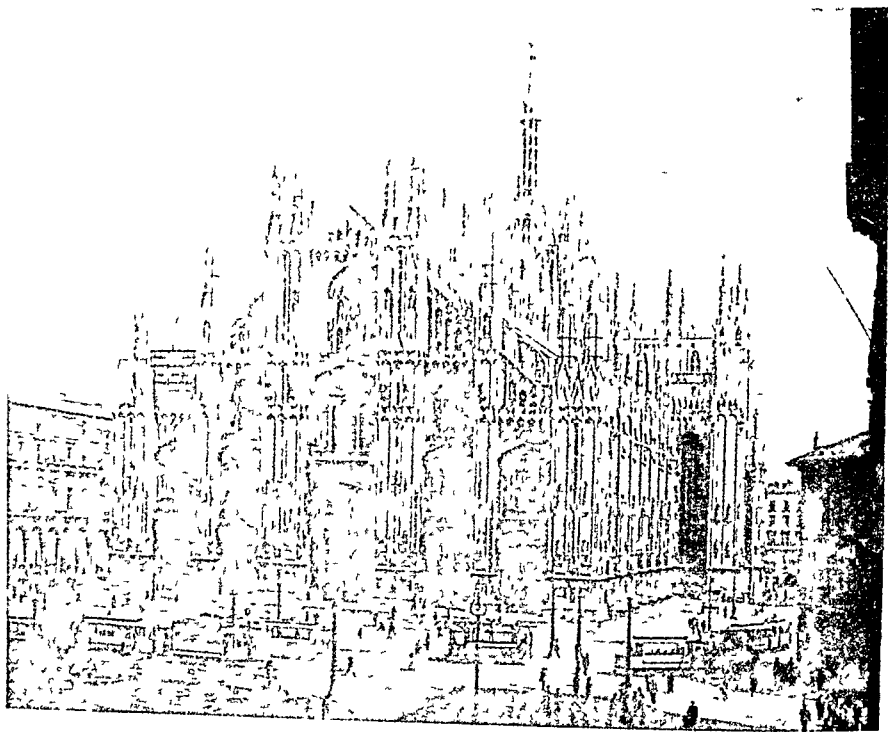


IN OLD SAN REMO, backed by a semi-circle of hills and faced by a bay of the Ligurian Sea tall narrow houses crowd together along narrow alleys, steep lanes and flights of rude steps. The arches that span the thoroughfares are designed for support in case of earthquakes. Modern San Remo, a typical Riviera town, sprawls along the sea-shore

Nicholls



THE SLENDER TOWER of the Palazzo Vecchio the battle-worn town hall of Florence is seen here from the banks of the River Arno. On the side of the quiet street that leads to it are the dignified arcaded buildings that compose the Palazzo della Signoria which houses a famous picture gallery, a library, the post office and the Archives of T



MILAN'S CATHEDRAL WITH ITS FOREST OF MARBLE PINNACLES
 The cathedral of Milan, the capital of Lombardy, is one of the wonders of the world, with its white marble traceries, pinnacles and flying buttresses, and its thousands of statues. It was started in 1386, but was not finished until 1815. Milan has always been one of Italy's most important towns, even as far back as the third century B.C.

Lombardy, through which, from west to east, flows Italy's biggest river, the Po, with its numerous tributaries. This plain is covered with fields of maize and wheat, with vineyards and mulberry trees. From the plain rise fair cities, with stately castles, cathedrals and towering campanili.

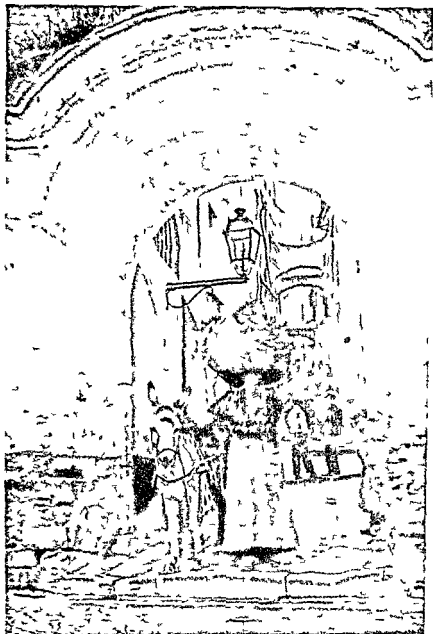
Milan, the most important city of the plain, is a thriving commercial centre. Its lofty cathedral, adorned with turrets and pinnacles and over 4,000 statues, is like a mountain of marble. Indeed, the design for it is supposed to have been suggested by the appearance of Monte Rosa away to the north.

In a former monastery, adjoining another church in Milan is what, in spite of being terribly faded, is one of the world's greatest pictures—"The Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci, the famous painter and sculptor. Italy gave us the opera, and at Milan Mozart

produced his first opera when he was a boy of fourteen.

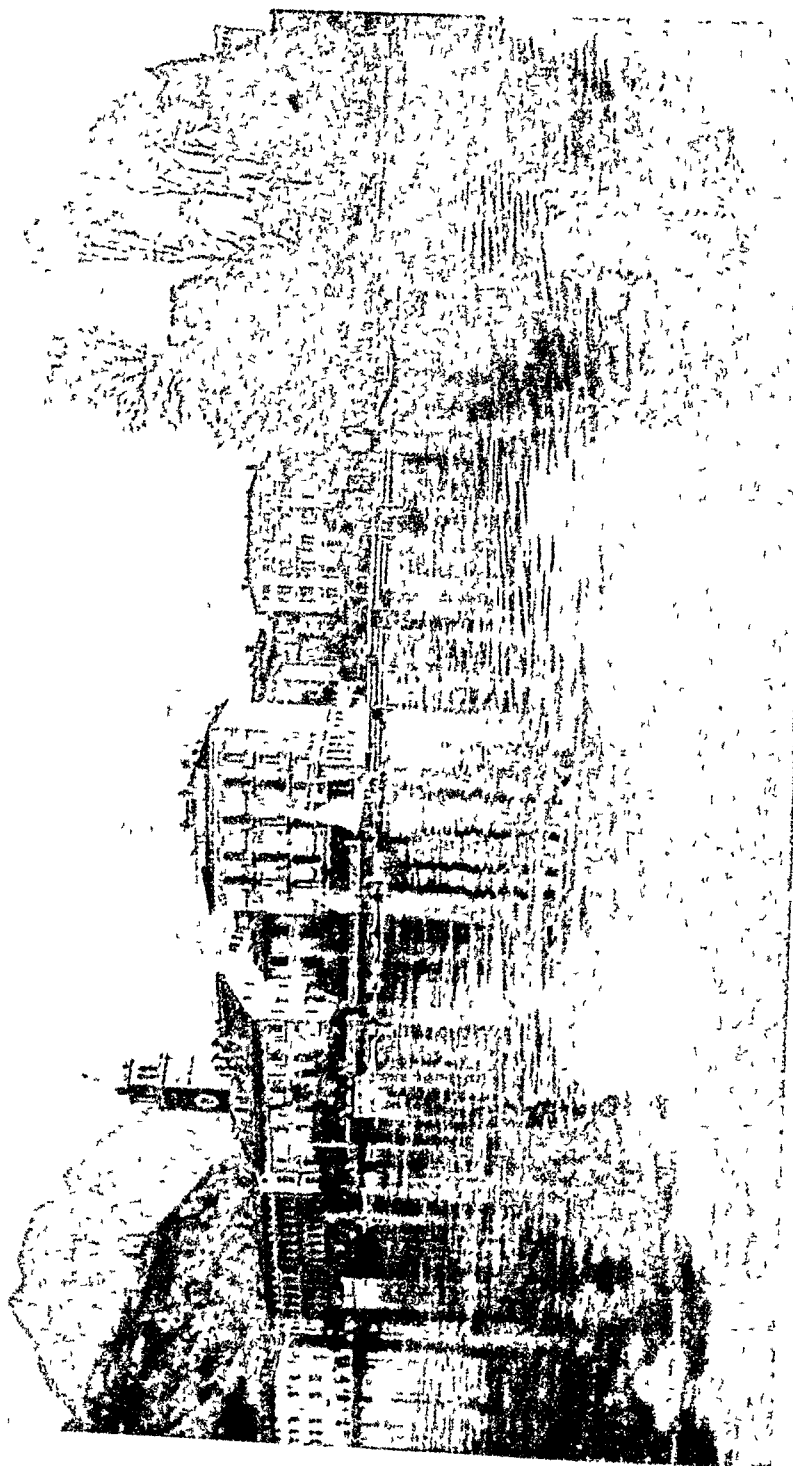
Monza, a few miles from Milan, is connected with the history of Theodolinda, a Bavarian princess who, in the sixth century, became the wife of a Lombard king. This lady was to the Lombards what Bertha, Ethelbert's queen, was to the Saxons, and for her missionary zeal Pope Gregory the Great sent her a most precious relic—a thin circlet of iron, made, so it was claimed, from one of the nails used at the Crucifixion. This iron band set in a circle of gold and jewels, is the famous Iron Crown of Lombardy. Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa, Charles V and Napoleon I have all worn it. It is kept at Monza, in the cathedral where Theodolinda is buried.

The Lombardy Plain is rich in interesting cities. Mantua, near which the poet Virgil was born, appears to rise from a



THIS STREET OF BORDIGHERA WAS NOT DESIGNED FOR VEHICLES

In olden days towns were built for safety's sake in the most inaccessible places. They have the ancient quarter of a town so often scrambles up a hillside and the new part spreads over level ground at its foot. Bordighera on the Riviera coast is such a town. Needless to say, this narrow arched stepped street is in the old quarter.



RIVA, ON LAKE GARDA, is a pretty and drowsy little town, sheltered by the steep mountains around it not only from cold winds, but also from the hot afternoon sun. It stands at the north-westernmost point of the lake which lies before it, narrow and enclosed by

precipitous walls, like a Norwegian fjord. In the south, Lake Garda widens and its banks are low. The azure waters are rarely as still as those of the other Italian lakes, and when a sudden squall races down from the north it becomes almost as rough as in angry sea.



WHITE WALLS OF SORRENTO As seen from the cliff above the Bay of Naples. The town of Sorrento is visible in the foreground, and the entire town of Sorrento is visible in the background. The town of Sorrento is visible in the foreground, and the entire town of Sorrento is visible in the background. The town of Sorrento is visible in the foreground, and the entire town of Sorrento is visible in the background.

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 9. The fifth is the fact that the
 10. of the system is not a simple one.

As the path rises towards the snows and the north and we at last find the foot slopes of the mts covered with a forest. Here and there are fruit orchards and rich pastures, then forests of chestnut and, higher up pine trees. Here are beautiful lakes, each formed by the widening of some tributary of the Po as it rushes down from the snows to join the main river. These lakes are among the most romantically beautiful spots in Italy, and by their shores, as in the time of the ancient Romans, wealthy people have built their villas.

Simple Life in the Hill Villages

Life in the upland villages is very simple. The peasant tends his vines, makes wood into charcoal and, like his brother of the plain, lives mainly on polenta. This is maize meal, cooked with salt and water until it becomes a thick, yellow mass. Cut into slabs, it is eaten as bread or is crumbled into soup. Sometimes it is fashioned into flat cakes and cooked on the hearth. In some form or other polenta, with thin soup in which are vegetables and scraps of meat, forms the staple food of the working classes of the north, varied occasionally with eggs and cheese, and with fish on fast-days.

At one time of the year the village housewives are very busy, for in every

out, so an attic is reserved for the rearing of silkworms. Then, with a fire above, comes to keep the air at the right temperature. The little caterpillars are spread out on it, not covered with mulberry leaves. As their size and appetite increase, the mother, father and all the children are kept busy supplying the worms with food. Day and night they must be fed constantly, and no rest can be taken till the yellow cocoons are all finished and laid to keep busy the silk looms of the estate. It is one of the greatest industries being carried on in the world.

And their big source of income is the wine industry, and here the vine growers must have a great enemy to combat—hail storms, which, coming with startling suddenness, may strip the grapes from the vines and destroy the year's harvest in half an hour. Lately the practice has been adopted of firing cannon at the dark clouds that precede a hail-storm, in this way, the vines are often saved, as the clouds precipitate snow and sleet instead of hail.

Olive-Clad Hills and Green Valleys

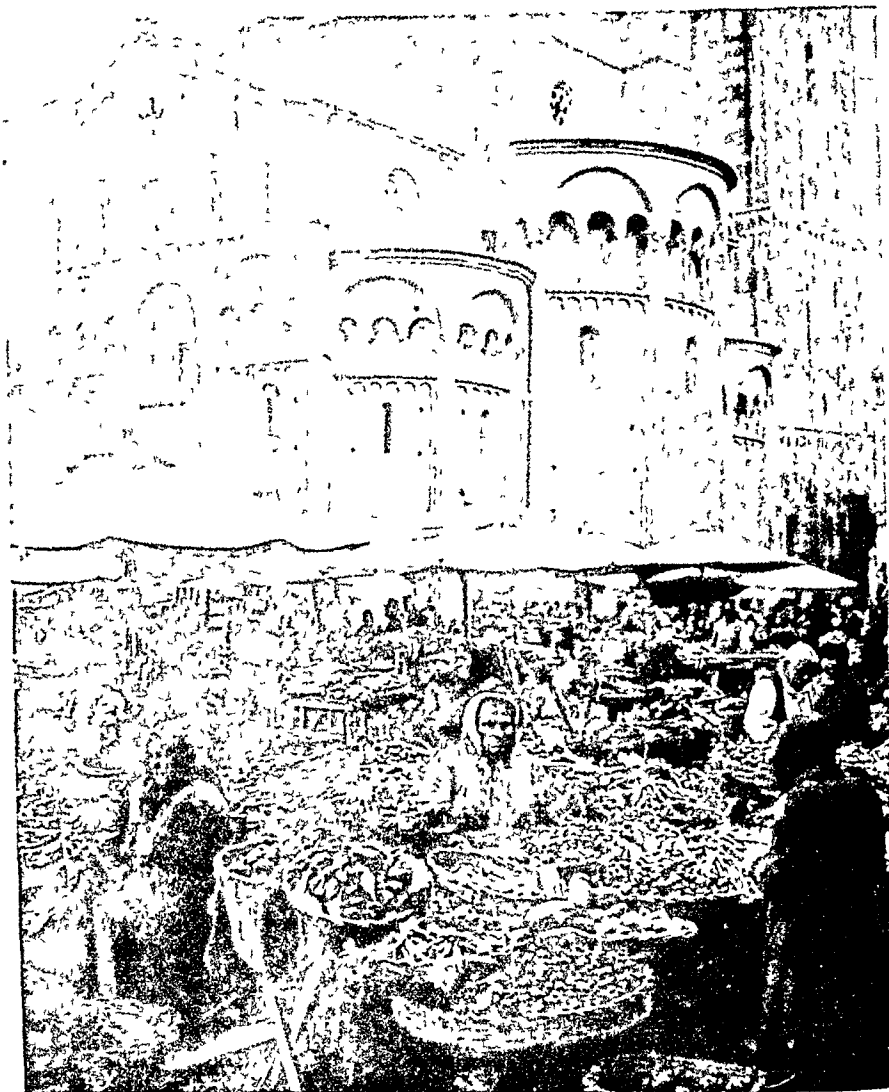
During winter the northern plain is very cold, for bitter winds sweep down from the Alps, and on the south the Apennines keep off the warm air of the Mediterranean. South of the Apennines, along the coast from just east of Mentone to Spezia, is the Italian Riviera, with its pleasure resorts of San Remo and Bordighera.

So fine is the climate and so fertile the soil that oranges, lemons, olives and other fruits thrive well, and the mountains are cultivated in terraces to a considerable height. Genoa, which is on the coast, has a long history as a seaport and commercial town of world-wide importance. Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the New World, was a Genoese mariner.

West of the Apennines and in the northern half of the peninsula lie two fascinating provinces, Tuscany and Umbria, to which flock the artists of the world, for here the land is a picture. Man has done his best to add to its beauty, for well nigh every town, no



IS OLD FISHERMAN in a green wooll n tockin cap dw ll n \alern hen le n
 ng the set in search of litle card nes o ancho \ or gr att na h h alerno s ii so th
 v o a beaut ful gulf to w el it has green ts nam and i not far from \ pls and Mo nt
 av u It s a d l ghtful old tow l y o bene tl a hill crowned by the runs of a castl



McLish

BUSY BARGAINING BENEATH THE WALLS OF MODENA'S CATHEDRAL
 Modena in north Italy, has, like most Italian cities, a long history—it was founded about 215 B.C.—and an eventful one. Its great cathedral started in 1099, is almost in the centre of the town, and every week a market is held in its precincts, where an extraordinary variety of fruits and vegetables is sold, also grain, meat and wines.

matter how small, that graces the olive-clad hills of Tuscany or is tucked away in the green valleys or on the mountain slopes of Umbria, is rich in artistic treasures.

The River Arno flows through Tuscany, and on its banks, a few miles from the sea, lies Pisa, once a great maritime republic that rivalled Genoa and Venice. It was a

powerful city with brave citizens, but was faced with overwhelming odds, for it was midway between two powerful enemies, Genoa and Florence. The Pisans were defeated by the Genoese in a naval battle in 1284, and in 1509 the possession of the city passed to Florence.

The magnificent cathedral of black and white marble was built to commemorate



YOUNG METAL WARE MERCHANT IN THE ALPINE TOWN OF AOSTA

Aosta a little town surrounded by walls built by the ancient Romans and with many other relics of those ancient warriors is a beautiful little town of the Italian Alps not very far from Mont Blanc. To this little town the peasant folk for centuries and centuries and buckets great copper would come for these making and cobbling

naval victory. Near by is the cemetery known as the Campo Santo a beautiful cluster surrounding a green wall. It was built on fifty three hundred of earth brought from Mt. Calvary by a certain Arabist so that the proud Pisan is in the best of ground

th. Arno lies
and city

of towers —which was the intellectual and artistic center of Italy for more than two centuries. In its dark narrow street where the palace of the nobles or like grim fortresses history has been made. Here the two factions of Guelph and Ghibellin fought out their quarrels. It was through his taking part in such a fight that one famous Ghibelline Dante



THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA, that vast, dreary plain that stretches around Rome between the mountains and the sea is the home of these bright-faced gaily-clad boys. The malaria that is the scourge of the district in the summer does not seem to have affected their spirits but then they probably move up to the mountains in May.



A DAUGHTER OF ABRUZZI this beautiful young girl comes from a land of forest and pasture, now-capped mountain and deep fertile valley. In olden times it was inaccessible to the district important for it was the Naples' natural protector on the north. Therefore it is that no it is one of the most backward departments of Italy.



IN THE VIA SAN GIUSEPPE, A THOROUGHFARE OF OLD SAN REMO

This street in the old quarter of San Remo is so narrow, and the crumbling houses are so tall, that little light can enter through the small windows, and the rooms must be dark and ill-ventilated. Yet mother and grandmother are hale and cheerful, and baby sleeps the sleep of the healthy. But then San Remo is a famous health resort.

greatest of all Italian poets save Virgil, was banished from his native Florence

The cathedral is a stately building of marble. Beside it rises the most beautiful campanile in Italy, a peerless thing of delicate tracery. It is called "The Shepherd's Tower," because its architect, Giotto, was a ten-year-old shepherd lad minding his flocks when the artist,

Cimabue, found him drawing a picture of a lamb on a flat stone. Cimabue took the boy to Florence and had him taught art.

Many Italian cathedrals have beside them a building called the baptistery. This was needed during the centuries when baptism took place only three times a year and everybody in the diocese was baptised by the bishop. The Baptistery



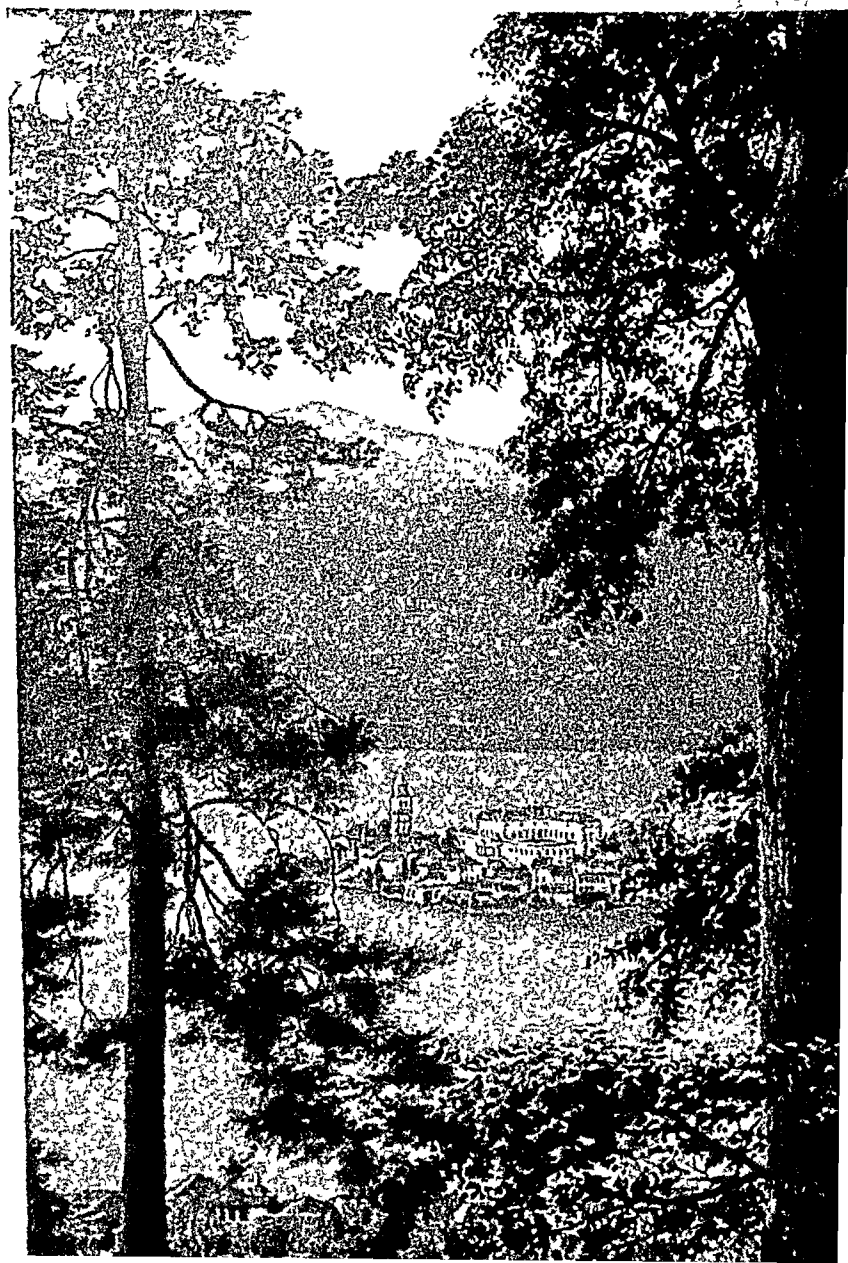
FAIR SKINNED NATIVES OF THE MOUNTAINOUS NORTHERN FRONTIER

The Val le Cogne among the Alps of north Italy is not very far from Switzerland and it is not unusual to find people there who are fair and look Teutonic rather than Latin. The women wear collars of beads and of lace and keep their aprons pinned up all the week, only letting them down on Sunday.

at Florence is famous on account of two of its bronze doors that Michelangelo and were fitted for the gates of Paradise. The making of these doors occupied a celebrated goldsmith for fifty years.

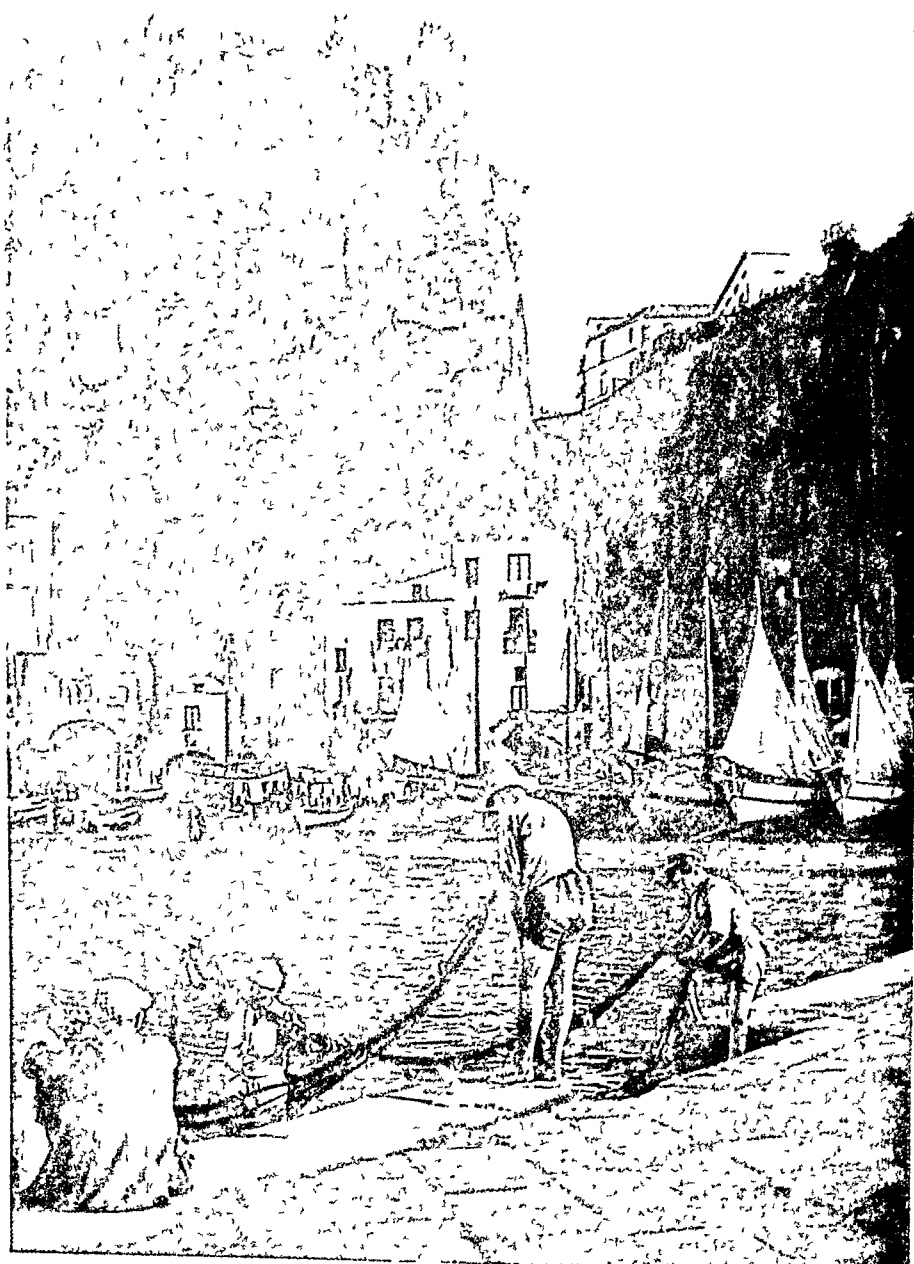
In the old streets may be seen little shrines—sacred pictures in a frame with a lamp always burning before them—reminders of the ancient practice of praying

at the street corners. Here too we may see the sick carried to hospital on a litter borne by men who wear black robes and curious pointed hood which conceal their faces. These men are the Brothers of Mercy. The members are of all classes and a certain number are always on duty that they may be ready to help the sick and injured or to carry the dead to burial.



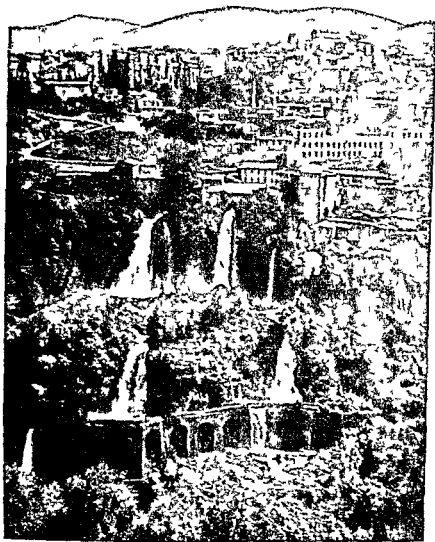


WASHERWOMEN of Omegna, a small town in the northern Italian Alps, are seen here upon their back doorsteps and wash their clothes in the Negro, a stream that does not flood but drains the lake. This waterway soon joins the St. Lawrence River at Lake Maggiore and so water from the small lake is always being poured into the lake.



FISHERMEN'S QUARTER AT SORRENTO AND A FEW FISHERFOLK

The fishermen of Sorrento bring their laden boats to the west end of the town to the Marina Grande, or large harbour. Most of Sorrento, as we see in page 1743 is built on the cliff-tops high above the sea, but here room has been found for a few humble houses at the harbour's edge, below the sheer wall of limestone

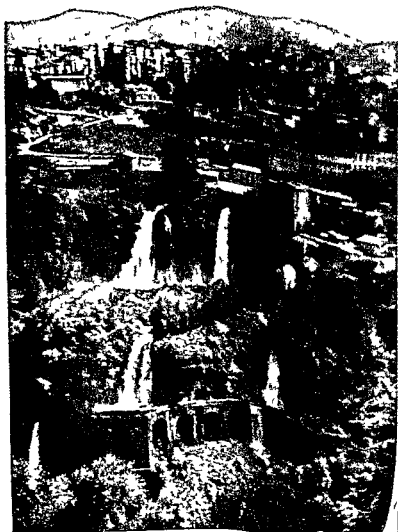


OLD WALLED TIVOLI ABOVE ITS THUNDERING CASCADES

Tivoli has been famous for its beauty for many many years. It was a popular summer resort of the Romans—it is only 25 miles from Rome—who built temples here and beautiful villas. Even the Emperors Augustus and Hadrian had dwellings here. Below the River Anio issuing from a ravine falls in many streams for a distance of

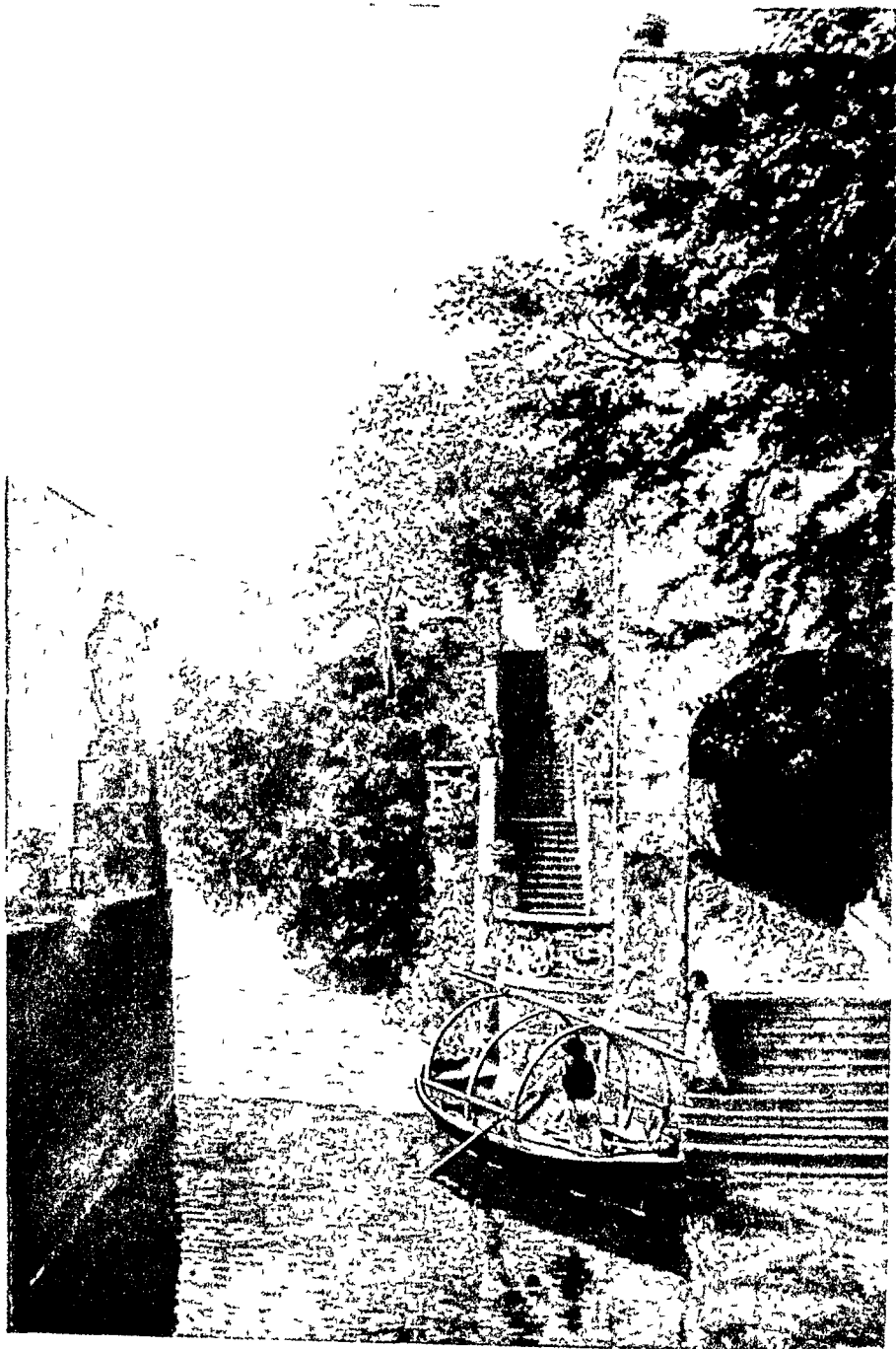


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OLD WALLED TIVOLI ABOVE ITS

Tivoli has been famous for its beauty for many years. It was a favorite resort of the Romans—it is only 25 miles from Rome. The ruins of the great villas of the Emperors Augustus and Hadrian are still to be seen. The River Anio issuing from a ravine falls in many places.

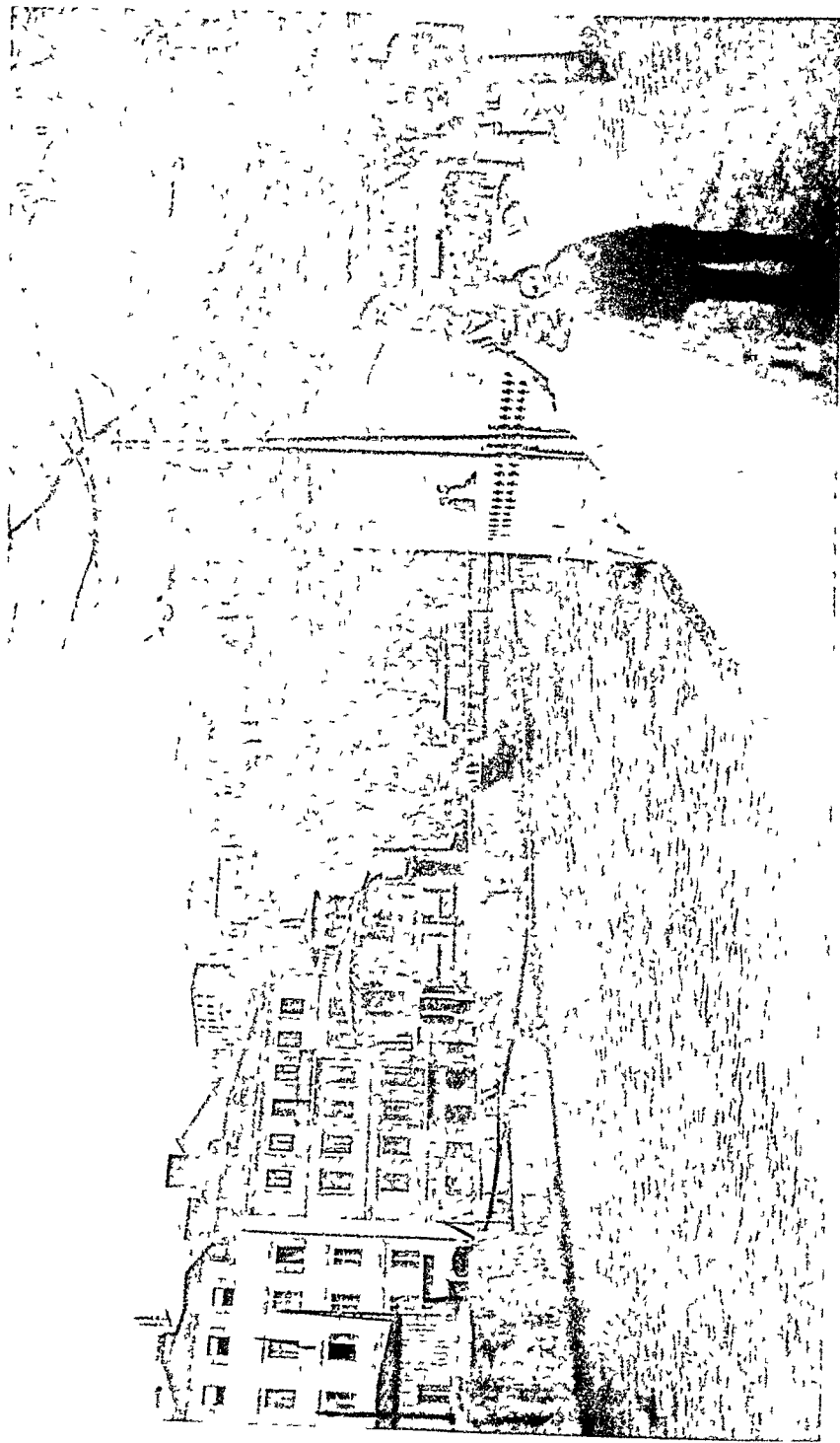


Melish

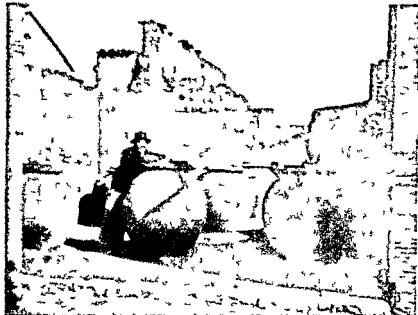
LOVELY LAKE COMO is surely the most beautiful of lakes. Between its blue waters and the forest-clad mountains that rise so steeply from its shores lie many humble villages among vineyards and flowery gardens, and many a stately palace, with its flight of steps to the water. This is the water-front of the Villa Balbianello.



Look
ACROSS LAKE MAGGIORE from the wood above Arona, can see the old castle
of the Visconti above the little town of Angera. In 1439 this castle became the property
of the Counts of Borromeo. On the west side of the lake near Varese is a colossal bronze
and copper statue of St. Carlo Borromeo Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, 1538-1



ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER RECINA WHERE, AT FIUME, IT FLOWS BENEATH MONTE CALVARIO
The great port of Fiume, which lies on the Adriatic Sea east of the
Istrian peninsula, used to be in Austria-Hungary. Then after the
Great War, Italy and Yugo-Slavia both laid claim to it, and the
soldier-poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio, took it for Italy and ruled it for
over a year, entirely against the will of his country. At last, in 1920
it was made an independent state. It did not remain so long, however
for Italy took it again in 1924, giving Yugo-Slavia other land in
exchange. Fiume was called St. Vitus in Roman times in the Middle Ages



WHERE OIL AND WINE WERE BOUGHT AND SOLD IN OLD POMPEII
 From Pompeii now being cleared off the earth, a mile beneath which it has lain buried for eighteen centuries and now we can gain a very good idea of the life as it was lived in A.D. 79. We see the narrow paved street, the shops, the dwelling houses, theatres and temples. There are even posters or red letters on the walls.

The carnival in Florence lasts from Christmas to Lent and is a time of merry-making. The entire church does not say "up till the stockings on Christmas Eve but at the Epiphany or Twelfth Day, which is the children's festival, they put their stockings out overnight, hoping that

La Befana, an old woman who in the Italian nursery takes the place of Santa Claus, will fill them with presents.

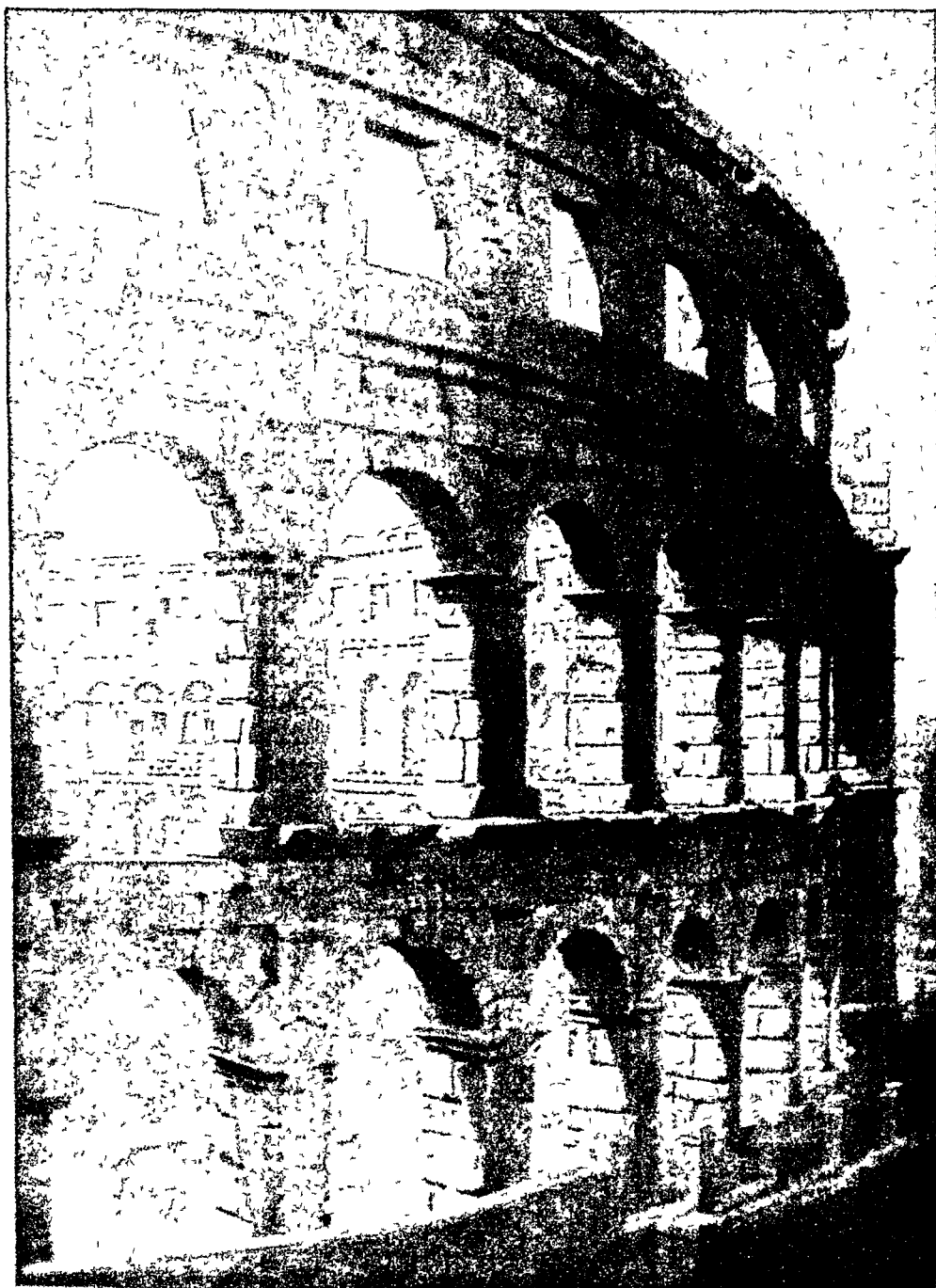
On Easter Day there comes The Feast of the Donkeys, which has been celebrated in Florence for eight centuries. Early in the morning the peasants flock in from the country and join the crowd of town people in front of the cathedral. There appears a huge wooden car festooned with fireworks and drawn by four milk-white oxen whose horns are tipped with gold. It halts in front of the cathedral within which Masses are being celebrated.

When the Archbishop comes to the words "Glory to God in the highest," he releases a little white artificial dove

which carries a light in its mouth. It flies along a wire from the High Altar through the open door of the altar. The doves are greeted with tremulous "Ave's" and the people wait anxiously to see whether it will alight in setting, alight for work. If so, the people say that a flow will be an utter first thanks and blessing for the Tuscan peasant firmly believes that according to the light success or failure will be the harvest of the year's beautiful crop.

We have little time to spend in Umbria but on the way to the town of Assisi we see a man, a gentle giant, who gave up all for the love of God and his fellow creatures. He gathered together a little band of men vowed to poverty and sent them out as preaching friars to work among the poor and wretched. These are the Franciscans or Grey Friars.

Over the Apennines to the castle of Marches the granary of ancient Rome



THE AMPHITHEATRE at Pola, a port of Istria, is a relic of the ancient Romans and could hold 25,000 people. The Venetians, who took the town in 1143, used its stone seats as building material. Taken by Austria in 1813, Pola became, thanks to its fine harbour, an important naval station, just as it had been in the days of the Romans.



McLish

STRAW-PLAITER OF FIESOLE WORKING AT HER WOODEN LOOM

By means of a simple loom this woman is making lace out of straw ! For, like most other inhabitants of Fiesole, she is a straw-plaiter. Fiesole is a delightful place, built on a hill above Florence, and possesses many relics of days long gone by. A villa near by was once the favourite residence of Lorenzo the Magnificent, ruler of Florence

PEOPLE OF SUNNY ITALY

streets. Macaroni takes the place of the polenta of the north and snail soup, roast chestnuts, starfish, sea urchin, octopus, tentacles and all kinds of queer things appear on the menu and the air is richly scented with the all pervading odour of unrefined oil and garlic which seems in comparison with the south of Spain and Italy.

They are a handsome, vivacious, merry people, these children of the Sunny South, fond of colour in their dress and their surroundings, not energetic perhaps but happy, musical, light hearted, excitable and easily moved to laughter or anger. They take tickets in a lottery and play their games quite indifferent to the ever present menace of making Vesuvius.

The Italian are good horsemen but horse racing is not a favourite pastime. Football is a relic of the Great War when

they learnt it from their allies and there are various other ball games including one in which the ball like a shuttlecock is not allowed to touch the ground.

In the streets of Italy as in England we come across Punch and Judy shows and are reminded that Punch—or

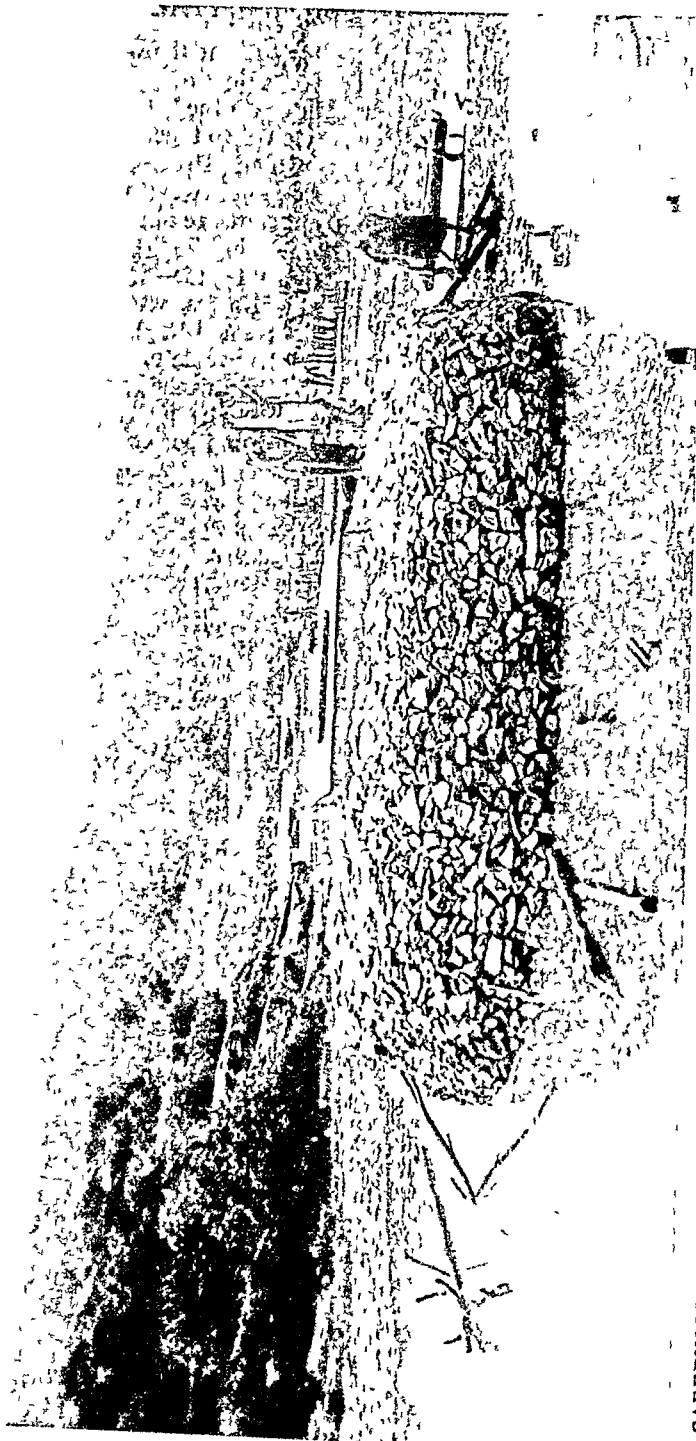
Punchinello to give the gentle man his rightful name—was born in Italy perhaps near Naples where he has travelled to France and England.

The people of Italy are not crowded so closely together in manufacturing towns as are the inhabitants of more highly industrialised countries. Most of the people on the contrary are employed in tilling the soil which is just as well for when the Italian leaves the country for the town he undergoes a change which is unfortunately for the worse.



YOUTHFUL HELPERS IN A FACTORY OF SUNNY AMALFI

In Amalfi, a lovely little seaport on the Gulf of Salerno, we can see many beautiful things. There is surely one of the curious sights hanging in the sun. Macaroni is one of the chief food of the Italian.



CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED WELL-HEAD AT BANYO IN THE GRASSLANDS OF THE ADAMAWA HIGHLANDS

The Adamawa district contains great tracts of upland savanna, which afford excellent pasturage for the herds of cattle kept by the tribesmen, who are chiefly Fulas. The cement and rough stone work round this much-frequented well was constructed by the Germans for the

1316

ADAMAWA HIGHLANDS

Adamawa highlands were once in the German Cameroon, which was however, divided between Great Britain and France in 1919. Banyo is now on the border between British and French Cameroon. At one time many of the native cattle, such as we see here, were exported

In the Heart of Africa

AMONG THE CANNIBALS AND PYGMIES OF THE CONGO

The Congo Africa se I longest r flow th gl the lark be t a
 Africa I with its mighty t b takes e path vatt r to es fth kench
 I Ildm in Congo nrl ngol I t gl lal g-st l v l res ar
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 t h l b l n the f o n f t C o n n f n o t h e e s t l i t m n
 The t n g k t m n y of its e c t r n t u r e n l s a p o b l th t
 som of t t l a s n t y t b e a r t l l t s f n t n of th e s t
 r g n th w d l t t w l l p r o b l y b e m n y y e a r s f r t h w h t
 n c a n o b t a n the t r e s t a t a r h u l m f r

In the year 1482 a little fleet of gallies was crum along the west coast of Africa. The hulls were embellished with large red crosses and from the masts a flag fluttered the banner of Portugal. For many months the fleet had sailed freely along the low coast with its lines of palm trees and with the white surf breaking ceaselessly upon the yellow sand. The swampy mangrove thickets at the mouths of the Niger were passed, the vast Cameroons valley was sighted and then the interior was entered. Then the mouth of a wide river opened out before them and it was

From the natives the Portuguese learned that the river was called the Congo and that the country just to the south of it was ruled by a great chief called Mwanga Kongo (Lord of the Kingdom of Congo). So the Portuguese began to communicate with the African monarch, began to trade with him and eventually established a Jesuit Mission among his people.

Savage Gardens of the Interior

The letter we did not get very far up the river. Little more than a hour I miles from the treacherous and rainy that I turned the horses and then we a the we passed but experienced that tried to get into the river at that time were attacked by savages and killed the traitor. So it was that all when a new little boat was made for a major victory was known of the river itself.

Three years after leaving me Iath the famous Wolf explorer H. M. Standish after exploring Lakes Victoria and Tanganyika struck a river that the natives called the Lunzira at a point where it was about 140 yards wide. A great bear came upon him to feed with the big river and to find out what it tasted. He thought that it might possibly be the head waters of the Nile.

Beginning of a Great Adventure

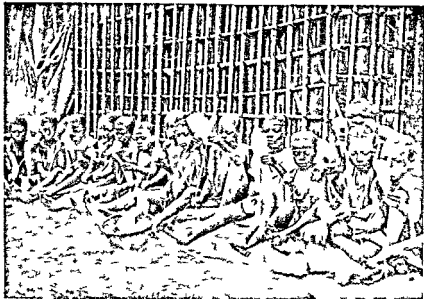
I'm riding in a new suit with a large company of carriers. I'm not in the white companion that I had at the start of the venture. Out in the field I had to obtain food and find a place to rest. I carried with me a pack of food and a gun. I was carrying these things with me as I went through the forest. I was carrying these things with me as I went through the forest. I was carrying these things with me as I went through the forest.

[illegible]



PYGMY ARCHERS WHO HUNT IN THE VAST
The pygmies or Batwa, are the most backward people of the Belgian Congo and are found in various parts of the country. The average height of the men is about 4 ft 6 ins, and that of the women 4 ft 4 ins. Their sole occupation is hunting and they are extraordinarily skillful

FORESTS ABOUT THE WELLE RIVER, CONGO
in tracking game through the dark, swampy forests. Their chief weapon is the bow and arrow. They are nomadic people and make their encampments of round shelters wherever game is plentiful. The Batwa are usually a yellowish-brown in color and rather thin



CHILDREN OF THE FRENCH CAMEROON LEARN A USEFUL TRADE

In order to spread civilization among the hitherto backward natives of the colony the French authorities encourage families to have their children trained in some profitable trade. This little group of young negroes is being taught how to spin cotton which has long been cultivated and promises to be a source of great prosperity.

It took his little flotilla of canoes more than seven months to paddle down that magnificent waterway through the primeval forest. In places it broadened out into an almost lake like expanse, numerous islands dotted its surface, rivulets, villages of basket work hut were constantly passed. At last on August 9th 1877 the expedition reached the port of Boma about seventy miles from the point where the mighty river empties itself into the Atlantic. The great secret of the Congo was then revealed.

A year later Leopold King of the Belgians formed an association for the fuller exploration of the Congo and its tributaries and for the opening up of the vast basin to commerce and civilization. It was proposed to make road and rail ways to place small steamer on the river to found trading stations and bring the tribes into peaceful relationship with white men and with one another.

The Congo is one of the largest rivers in the world its length being some 3,000

miles. Its basin covers such a vast area that if it could be laid upon Europe with its mouth in Spain its source would be far away in Asia Minor its northern tributaries would be in Scotland and Scandinavia and its southern tributaries in Italy, Corsica, Sardinia and Crete. This vast region is believed to have a population of about ten million. To secure peace and to help trade no fewer than 450 treaties were made with independent chiefs. As trade developed the main products provided to be palm oil and palm kernel, rubber, ivory and vegetable fibre.

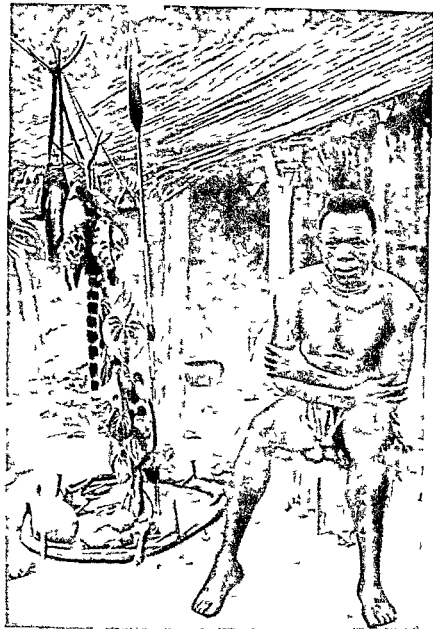
At first King Leopold's association was international but a year passed the Belgian influence increased and at last the Congo Free State became solely Belgian territory.

Who are the people of the Congo? Let us journey up the mighty river for say a thousand miles and visit one of their villages. The bank of the river are covered with dense forests, vegetation flourishes with tropical luxuriance.



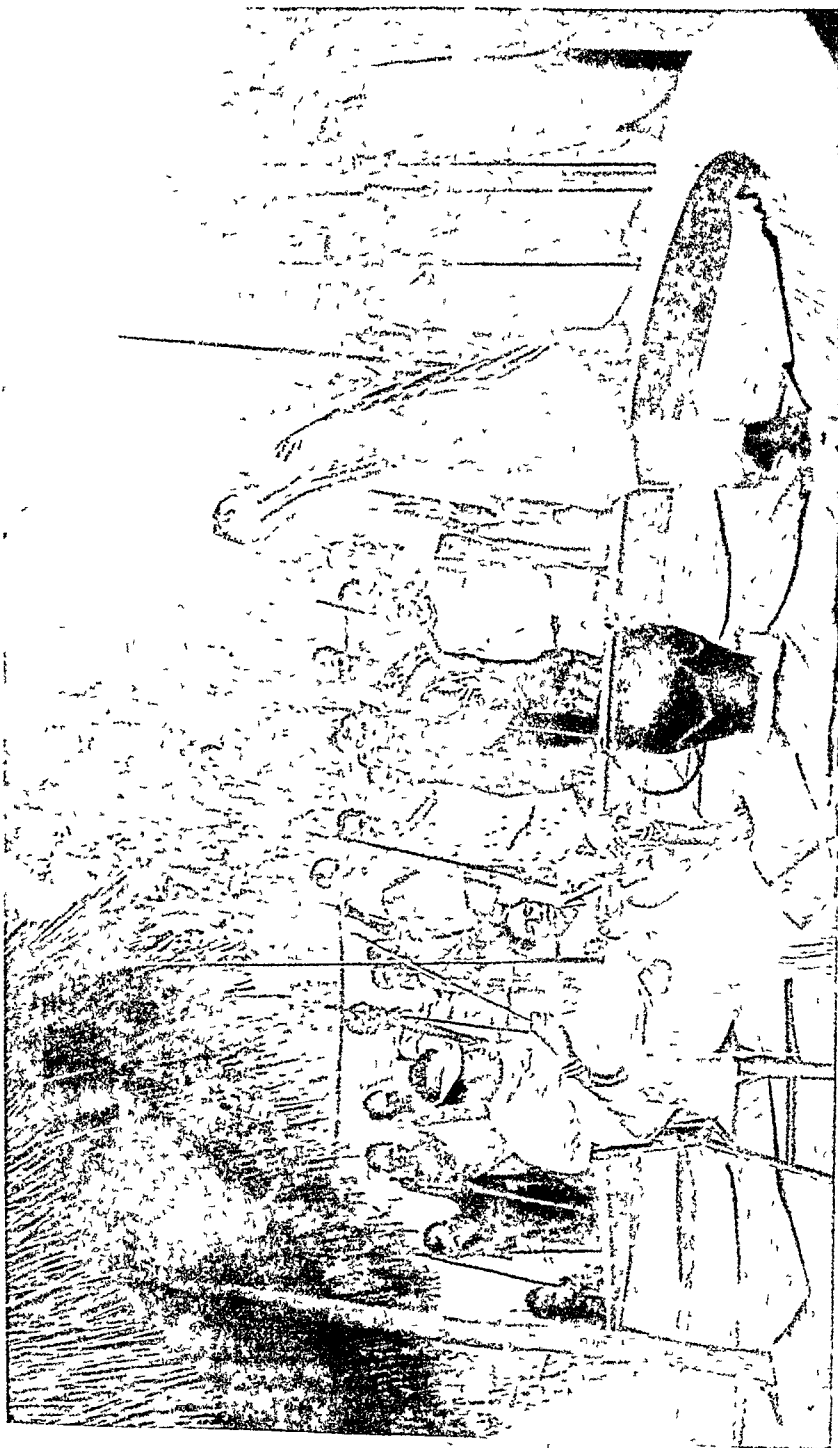
ARMOUR OF MAGIC WAR-PAINT SHIELDS THESE WARRIORS

When these warriors of the Belgian Congo prepare for a tribal fight they do not put their trust solely in their shields and weapons but daub themselves with magic paint that has been charmed by their magicians. Unfortunately, if the ene the punt is no protection at all. The blade of the spear stronger magic, that of a saw



WITCH DOCTOR OF A VILLAGE IN THE BELGIAN CONGO

In many villages the witch doctor is the real chief, and enforces his authority by fear. He is usually a good deal more intelligent than the people whom he deceives with his conjuring tricks, hypnotism and feigned trances. He sells well and access to the simple and ignorant folk, and rids himself of his enemies by means of subtle poisons.



THE SUPREME CHIEF OF RUANDA, EASTERN CONGO, ADMINISTERING JUSTICE

Though Ruanda is in Belgian territory, the king still hears cases at his court. Here he is seated before the entrance to the royal enclosure, which is a maze of palisaded houses and gardens. The king belongs to the Watusi tribe which is the ruling class in Ruanda. The is the best and greatest of the kingdoms, ruled by negro monarchs. They came from the north and are the original conquerors of the country, the former inhabitants remaining in slave tribes. Ruanda

Here and there villages peep out from amid the green foliage. Our little steamer blows her whistle as she approaches a village and in a moment we see dusky figures gathering on the beach.

Several dug out canoes put out to meet us but there is now no shower of arrows for the former warriors have become peaceable since her fall and among the riverside people cannibalism has almost disappeared—though it is still practised by some of the tribes along the tributaries.

Our steamer slows down drops its anchor and we go ashore. The people crowd around us moved by curiosity. The day has long passed when they feared the white man and thought him a god but a chance visit never fails to create excitement. They wear very little clothing and their chocolate brown bodies are tattooed. They have their front teeth filed to points like the teeth of a saw and their tribal marks are cut on their faces.

These marks are cut deeply in the flesh of the cheeks and forehead with a sharp iron instrument. It is a very painful process and not infrequently causes blood poisoning or lockjaw. The strange designs on their bodies are done in a similar way and to make the marks permanent the process has often to be repeated.

On every hand we notice evidences that this is a fishing village. Large and small dug out canoes are drawn up on the beach and the fishing nets attached to wooden frames are drying in the sun. Fish traps made of split bamboo or of the cane and rattan are in evidence. From one beached-out the day's catch of fish is just being landed and carried up to the village market.

Beyond the beach is the village with its two long rows of low huts built facing each other to form a street. The lower



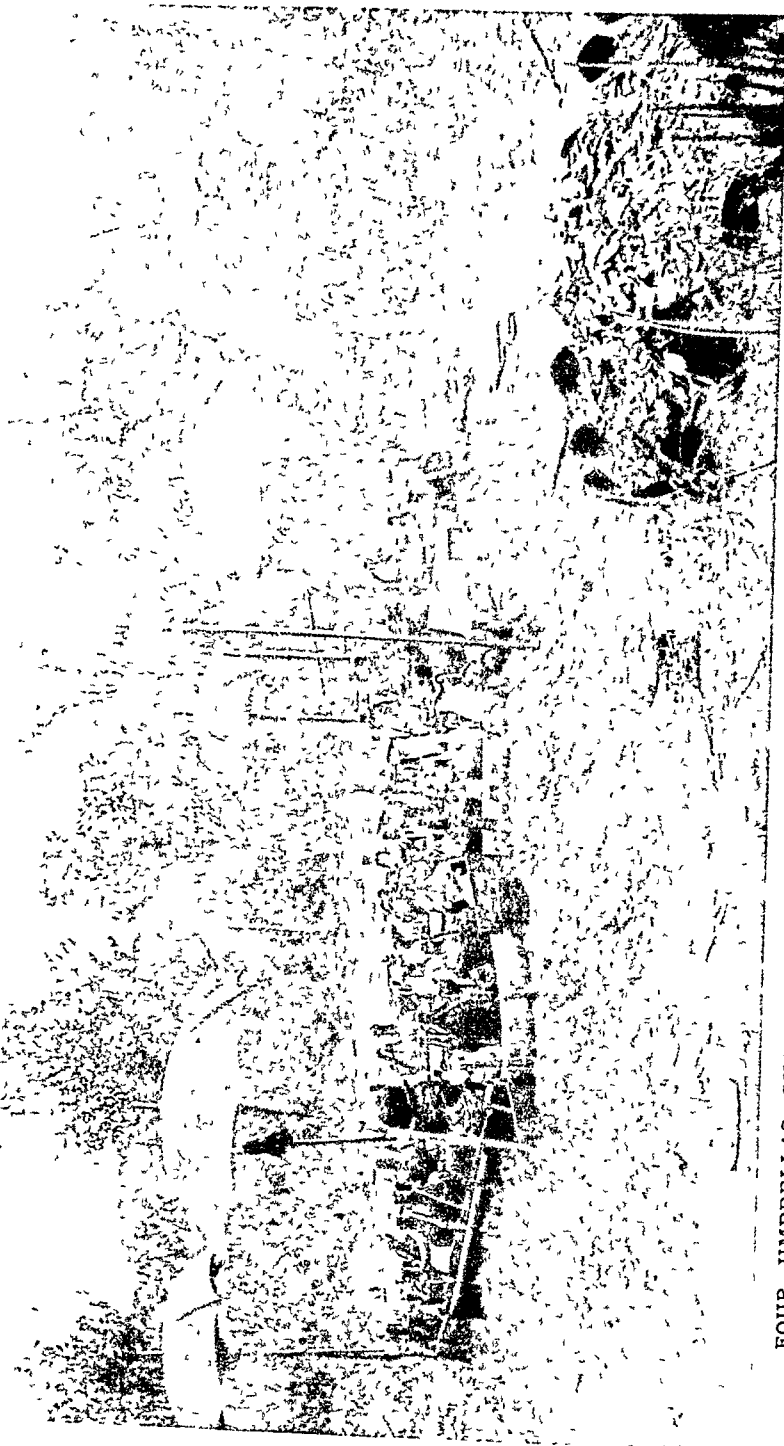
MAN OF THE NIAM NIAM CARVING IVORY

Formerly the Niam Niam tribe was one of the fiercest in the Belgian Congo but under the Belgians they have given up man hunting. They are very skilful at carving as we can see by the work of this man.

end opens on to the shore but the upper end is closed to enable the villagers to defend themselves in case they are attacked by neighbouring tribes. For behind the village is the vast forest that extends for hundreds of miles.

The huts are oblong and are made of bamboo and thatch. It is very interesting to watch the people building a hut. First a framework is erected long bamboo poles being driven into the ground and lashed together with cross-pieces and fibre. Then the big thatched roof of dry palm leaves is added and lastly the framework walls are covered with coconut matting. Most of the huts have only one room and the furniture consists of a few bits of matting on the floor a stool or two—made of bamboo or cut from a block of wood—and a number of gourd and earthenware vessels.

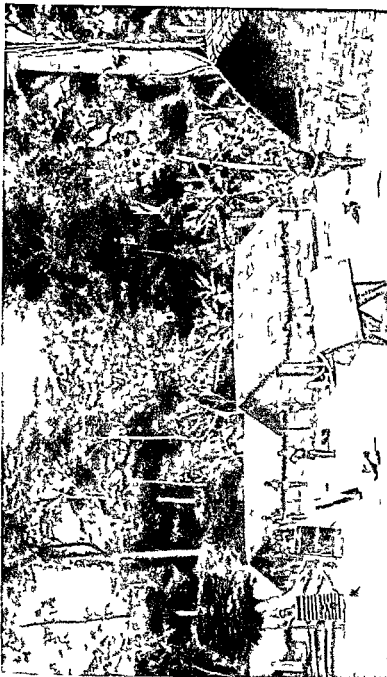
Near the houses a space has been cleared in the forest to make a garden.



FOUR UMBRELLAS GUARD THE STRANGELY ORNAMENTED GRAVE OF A CHIEF IN ANGOLA

Many strange sights are to be seen in Portugal's West African colony, but surely none stranger than this. A chief is buried with elaborate ceremonies after his body has been enveloped in as many yards of cloth as can be afforded—should the man have been wealthy two

hundred yards may be used. The natives believe that the dead will still require their belongings, so the grave is covered with all kinds of odds and ends which must be "killed" before they are placed there. Formerly slaves were at a killed when their owner died.



NEAT DWELLINGS OF A TRIBE OF CANNIBALS WHO LIVE ON THE EDGES OF THE CONGO BASIN

These are the dwellings of a tribe of cannibals who live on the edges of the Congo basin. The walls are made of mud and the roofs are thatched. They are very neat and comfortable. The tribe is very peaceful and friendly. They are very good at farming and hunting. They are very good at making tools and weapons. They are very good at making clothes and jewelry. They are very good at making houses and other buildings. They are very good at making food and drink. They are very good at making music and art. They are very good at making everything they need. They are very good at making a better life for themselves. They are very good at making a better world for everyone.

even cultivate the gardens and carry the produce to the village, using big funnel-shaped baskets of split bamboo which they carry on their backs. They hoe the ground and gather in the produce, and their task is not a little dangerous for as a woman stoops to her work it is no uncommon thing for a leopard from the forest to spring upon her.

One strange custom is that the boys, while still quite young, leave home and join in building a hut and begin housekeeping for themselves. They provide themselves with food by catching fish, trapping birds, squirrels and monkeys, and they stretch strings from the trees to catch bats. One of their chief delights is rattling, and many a nice plump rat finds its way into their cooking pot. Large hairy caterpillars, ants and big beetles are also considered dainty morsels.

There are two people in the village we must certainly visit—the chief and the witch doctor—indeed, they will probably



WARRIOR SUBJECT OF FRANCE

This tall native of the French Congo lands, with his long, broad-bladed spear, is a born warrior. Fighting is the greatest pleasure of the wild tribesmen of this region.

be among the crowd of people that comes to the beach to greet us when we land. We exchange greetings, and then the chief leads us to his dwelling or the public "palaver house," where he holds a reception in our honour.

Two or three European camp-chairs are brought out of the dark recesses of some hut and placed for us, while the chief takes his seat on a stool or in a hammock. We again exchange greetings, tell the chief why we have come to his village and make him a little present—possibly a hatchet, a piece of cloth or even an alarm clock. In return, he gives us some bananas, eggs, yams, coconuts, a couple of chickens or perhaps a goat.

The other important man is the witch doctor. He is the priest of the village and scarcely less powerful than the chief himself. The people fear him because they believe that he has power to command the evil spirits that are everywhere. He sells charms to protect them from wild beasts, snakes, sickness, evil spirits and evil men.

The people also think that he can inflict all manner of evil upon them, that he can bring dreadful diseases upon the village or cause a man to die. He is usually a cunning rogue, able to m

IV THE HEART OF AFRICA

powerful persons and certainly a man to be greatly feared.

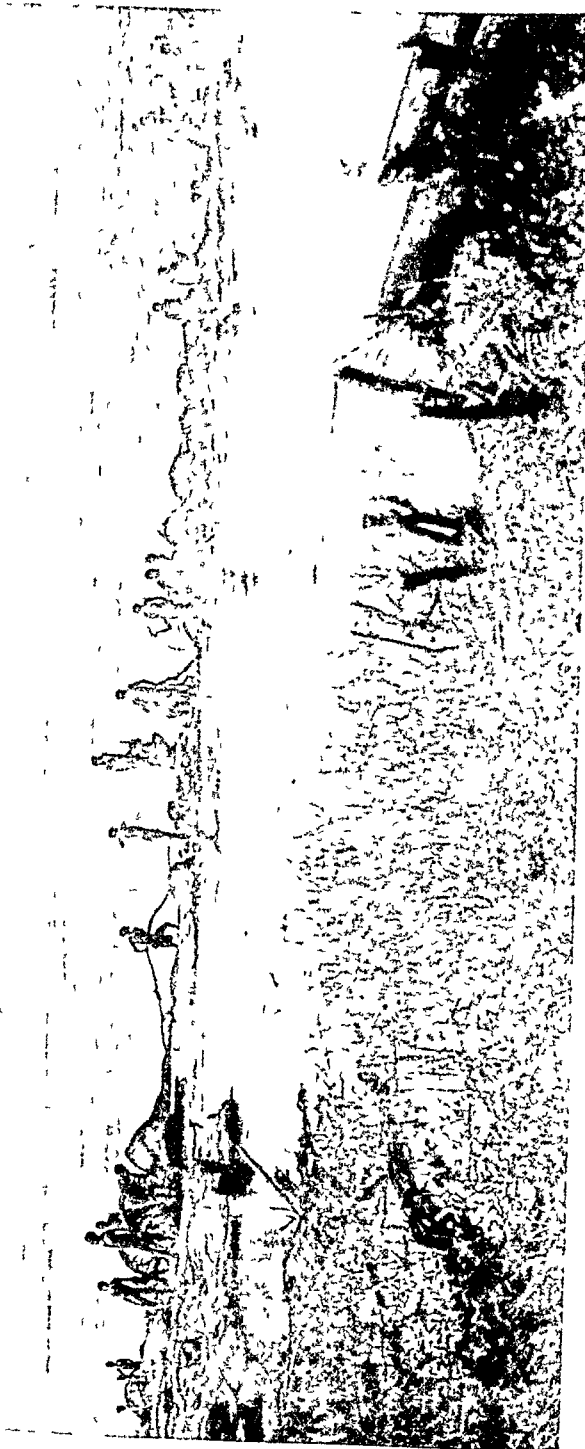
The Congo basin is inhabited by very many tribes quite different from one another and speaking different languages. Some villages are not at all like the one we have described and the customs vary in the different parts. The character

however is usually very much the same. In some parts the villages consist of one hut, but often several miles in length. In some places when a matchet dies a number of lawless and lawless are turned with him so that he may have them to work for him in the plant world to which he belongs.



RIVER OF ANGOLA SPANNED BY A FLIMSY BRIDGE OF CREEPERS

When the natives of Angola wish to build a bridge they go into the forest and cut down some of the creepers that are to be found on all sides. From these they make the bridge which is suspended from tree-trunk on either bank. It is not easy to pass over one of these bridges as the footway is narrow and uneven.



NATIVES FISHING WITH BASKETS IN THE RAPIDS OF THE UBANGI RIVER AT BANZIVILLE
 The Ubangi River is a tributary of the mighty Congo and much of it is navigable. Canoes and river-steamers ply to and fro on its placid surface carrying the vegetable and mineral wealth of forests, plantations and mines to the towns from which it will be exported. At Banziville in the Belgian Congo, however, the rapids make the river impassable for shipping although the natives appreciate them very much indeed. They use several wide-mouthed, tapering baquets or baskets to trap the fish and to trap the fish that attempt to swim downstream.

For centuries there were rumours that a race of very small black people existed in the heart of Africa and many old travellers and historians mentioned these dwarfs. In modern times several explorers heard of them in various parts of the Continent. Then in 1891 Stanley while passing through a vast forest between the Congo and Lake Albert found considerable numbers of these little people. Some of them were only thirty-three inches in height and none was more than four feet six inches.

These forest dwarfs or pygmies as they are often called dwell in villages of small grass hut-shaped like bee hives. Stanley found one village of nine or two hut—probably inhabited by ninety-two families. The pygmies were very shy and always deserted their villages as Stanley's men approached but from time to time a few were captured and examined. They were so small that the explorer often thought his scouts had caught some children until it was evident that they were full-grown men and women. Thus another secret of the Congo was revealed.

The vast basin of the Congo does not all belong to Belgium. More than thirty years before Stanley unveiled the secrets of the river the French had settlement on the Gabon River some five hundred miles north of the mouth of the Congo. As the years passed diminished French explorers opened up the whole of the Gabon River and its tributaries thus extending French influence until it reached the northern bank of the Congo itself and its largest tributary the Ubangi.

The northern bank of the Congo from below Stanley Pool to the Ubangi a distance of four hundred miles belongs to France.



NATIVE WIRELESS IN ANGOLA

Here we see the morse or message drum used by the Zombi of the land. By beating upon it the wireless in the native can send messages in code for long distances. News travels very rapidly by this means.

Thence the whole northern bank of the Ubangi is French to the borders of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Thus almost all the northern tributaries of the Congo flow through French territory.

While many northern tributaries of the Congo at first French possessors some of the southern tributaries rise in Portuguese soil. In the eighteenth century when the mariners and soldier-adventurers of Portugal found that the way up the main river was blocked by rapids they turned their attention to the country immediately to the south—the dominion of that king,

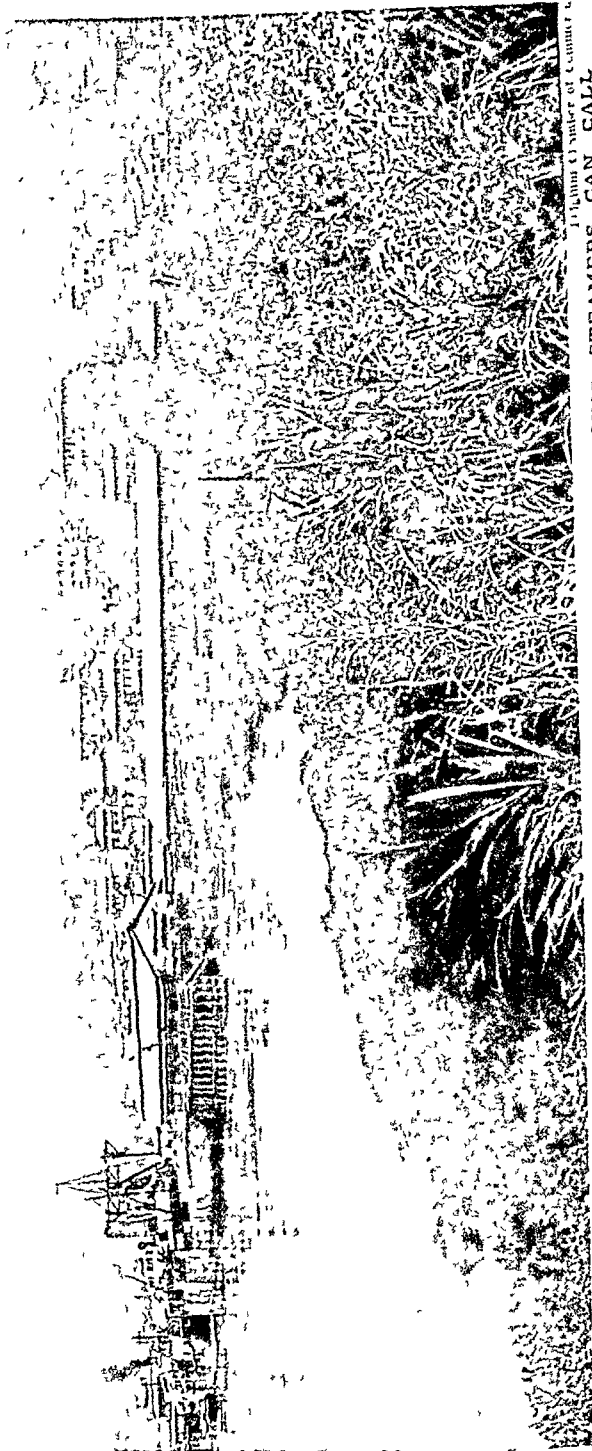
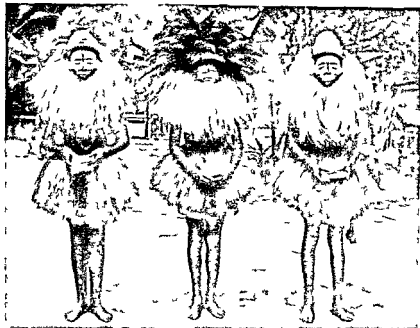


Figure 1. Harbor of Matadi.

MATADI, IN THE BELGIAN CONGO, A BUSY PORT AT WHICH OCEAN-GOING STEAMERS CAN CALL

Although seventy miles from the ocean, Matadi ranks as a seaport, since it lies on the River Congo, up which ocean-going ships come directly to its wharves. The voyage is difficult for a steamer, but it is very swift. A railway runs inland from Matadi to Leopoldville, a distance of about 250 miles, and by this the products of the country, such as rubber, palm-kernel, and palm-oil, are carried to the seaport. There is also an oil pipe between Matadi and Leopoldville through which oil is pumped to the former.



YOUTHS OF ANGOLA WEARING MASKS AND QUIANT COSTUMES

In most African tribes the initiation of young men who have come of age into the full right of manhood is accompanied by such elaborate ceremony. In Angola or Portuguese West Africa the youths who take part in the rites of initiation wear white masks that are skilfully carved but hideous and duffs and skirts of frayed leaves

of kongo already mentioned. Long years of commerce and exploration of conquest and colonization have resulted in the establishment of Portuguese rule over a vast tract of country known as Angola. It has a coastline of 1000 miles and extends inland for more than 1500 miles. Its total area is estimated at 484,000 square miles and its population at well over 4,000,000. It is Portugal's largest foreign possession.

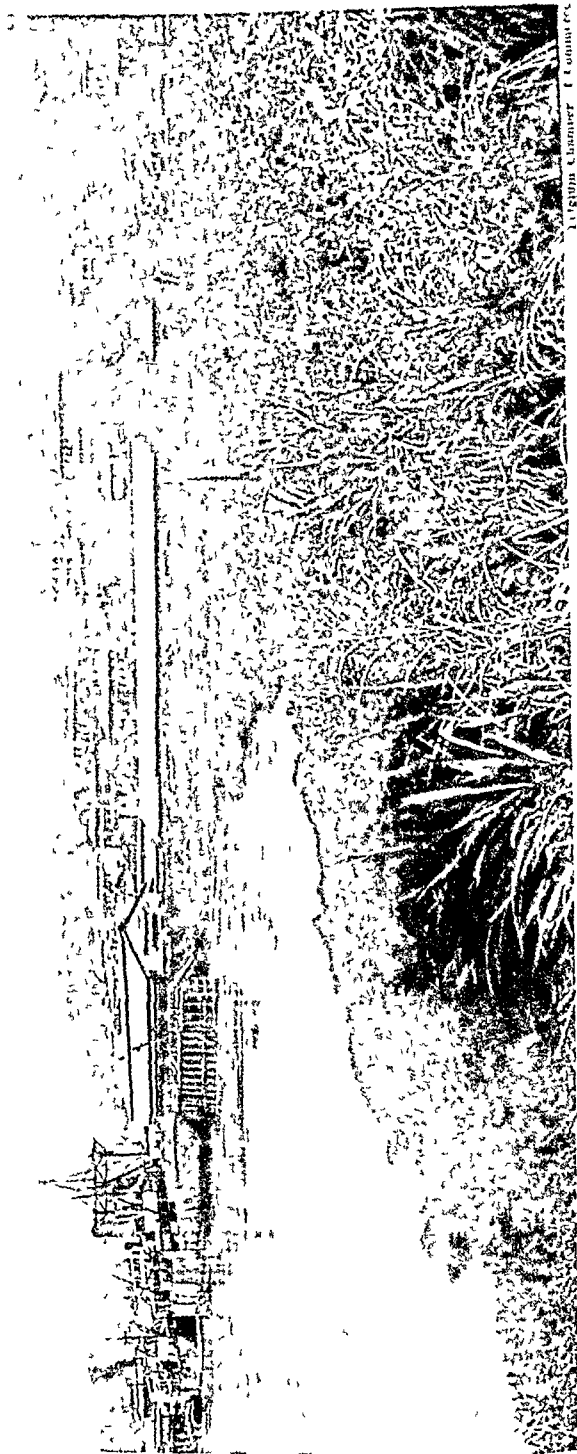
Most of Angola is well watered and is covered with the same luxurious tropical vegetation as the rest of the Congo basin. Yams, tobacco, cotton, rice, indigo and sugar grow well but owing to Portuguese mismanagement the huge territory is very largely undeveloped. There are very few white people at present in the colony.

In both the French and the Portuguese Congo possessions the natives are of the same race as are those of the Belgian

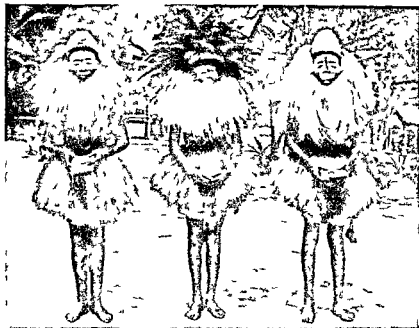
territories. They all belong to the great Bantu family and are black-skinned and largely uncivilized. Their village life customs and manner of life strongly resemble those of the main Congo tribe.

In the past both Angola and the French Congo territories were notorious for their connexion with the slave traffic and it took many years to suppress that evil.

Loanda was a Portuguese settlement as early as 1576, to-day it is the capital of Angola. It was here that Livingstone reached the coast after his first journey across Africa. The port has a fine but somewhat antiquated harbour. Brazza-ville is the capital of the French Middle Congo colony. Both towns are the starting place of railway running up country. All the Congo countries are rich in natural resources and it remains to be seen what the white man will make of the almost measureless opportunities that lie before him in these wonderful regions.



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 Although seventy miles from the ocean, Matadi ranks as a seaport, to Leopoldville a distance of about 250 miles, and by this the products of the country such as ivory, diamonds, palm-oil, and palm-oli are carried to the water front in an oil pipe between Matadi and Leopoldville. The oil is pumped to the form of a stream, which is difficult for the river to carry.



YOUTHS OF ANGOLA WEARING MASKS AND QUAIN'T COSTUMES

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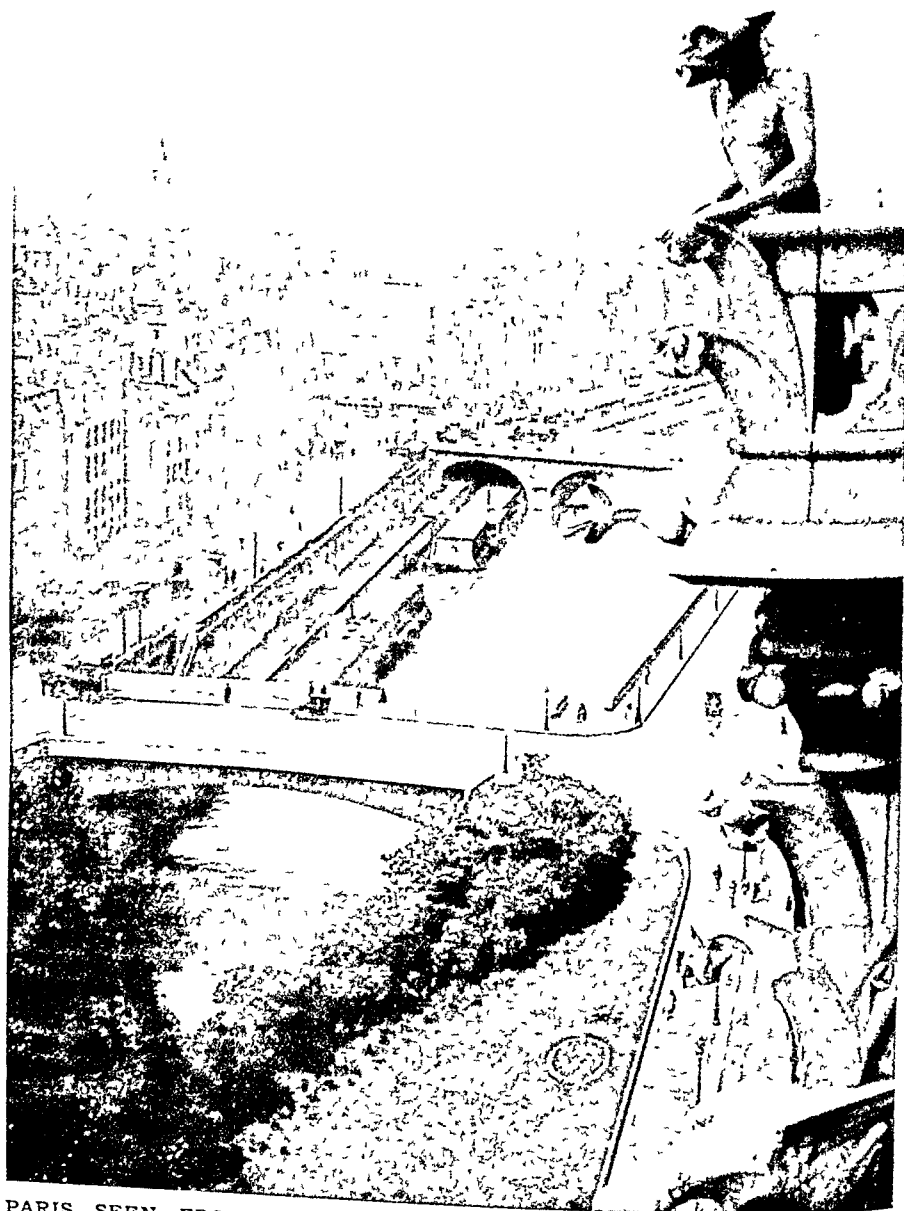
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In both the French and the Portuguese Congo possessions the natives are of the same race as are those of the Belgian

territories. They all belong to the great Bantu family and are black-skinned and largely uncivilized. Their villages, their customs and manner of life strongly resemble those of the main Congo tribes.

In the past both Angola and the French Congo territories were notorious for their connection with the slave traffic and it took many years to suppress that evil.

Luanda was a Portuguese settlement as early as 1578 and is still the capital of Angola. It was here that Livingstone reached the coast after his first journey across Africa. The port has a fine but somewhat antiquated harbour. Brazzaville is the capital of the French Middle Congo colony. Both towns are the starting place of railways running up country. All the Congo countries are rich in natural resources and it remains to be seen whether the white man will make of the abundant measureless opportunities that he before him in these wonderful regions.



PARIS SEEN FROM THE MUCH DECORATED ROOF OF NOTRE DAME
 From this vantage point, near one of the many hideous gargoyles that adorn Notre Dame, we look westwards across the city to the slender Eiffel Tower. To the left of it we see the spire of St Germain-des-Près, the most ancient church in Paris, and, to the left again, the dome of the Hotel des Invalides where Napoleon I is buried

A City of Enchantment

PARIS A CAPITAL THAT CHARMS THE WORLD

Th P ansel m tl t the city is th m n l of F an e Th wh le c n try
th v sa looks to the c p tal for gu d nce u all important m t r f t l
hfe a d certa nly s a cent e of go n nt le mng sc n l th t
l ris xe ses a ry desi nflu nce n l l nch alra rs To t sel c n's
and toll g s stuent on e from ry p rt of tl l n l d n l eed—so gr t
is th r put t n of Paris—f on all o e the world Ther n h lse that
ttracts u to la l o e e r swe h l r al n ths h pt fr t a e v
gav d erv beaut f l city with a lo g and tful hsto

PARIS has a very powerful fascination that all its own. Its very name carries a suggestion of romance. When we hear it we think of the Three Musketeers of wars and sieges of the past of gaiety and dazzling splendour. When we go there it may disappoint us a little at first—but only at first. Whether we visit the old beautiful Paris with its grey buildings and air of courtliness or the new gay Paris with its theatres and shops and tourists we usually fall in love with the city. If we do not then we are altogether lacking in imagination.

Paris may be described as a city of the world and not merely of France. People of every continent race and nation visit it almost as a duty. It has been said that if we want to meet anybody whose whereabouts we do not know we have only to wait at some central point in Paris and that sooner or later our friend will come to our waiting place.

A City of Infinite Variety

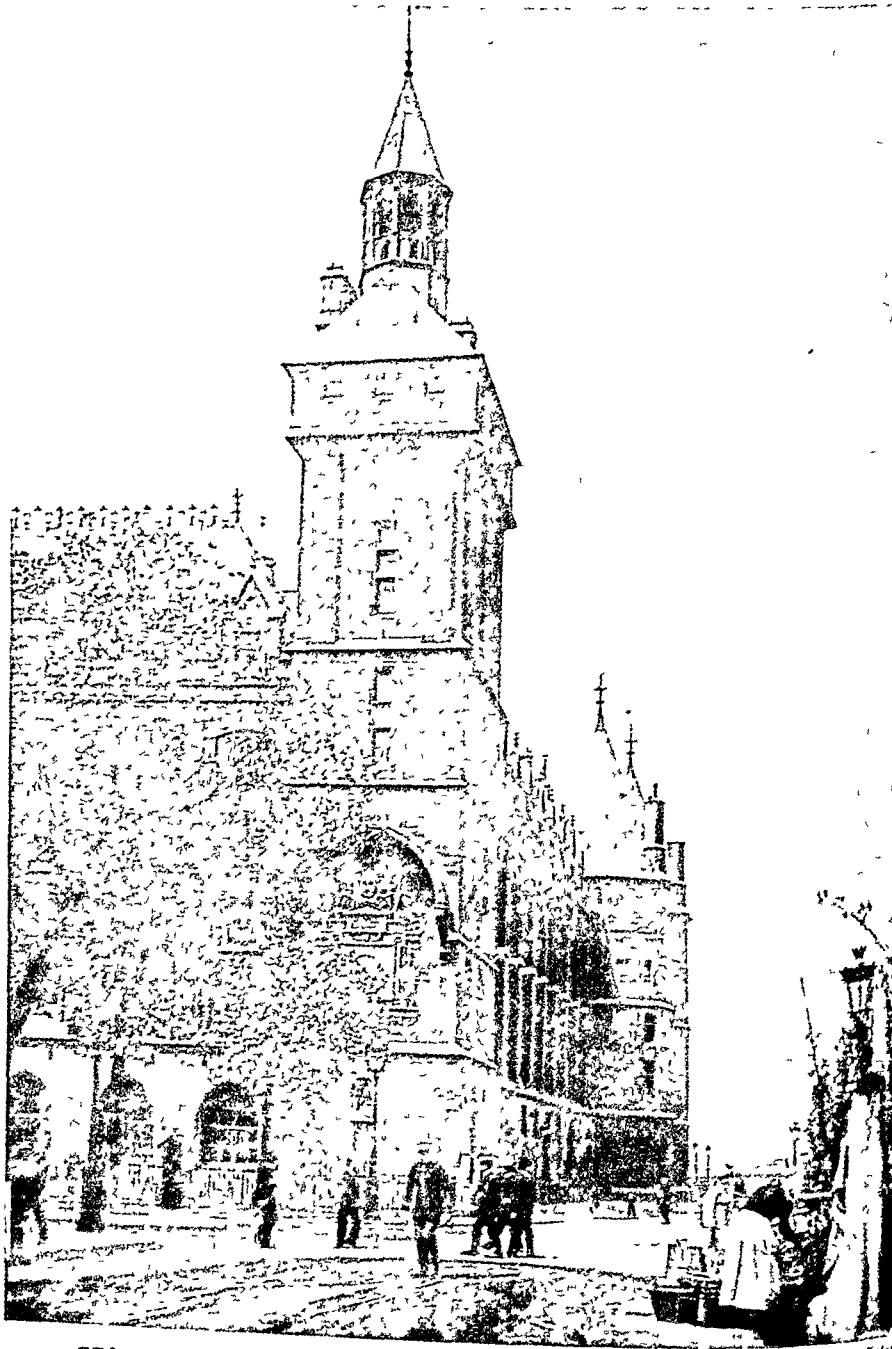
What makes Paris a magnet to draw people from all over the earth? I think its charm lies in the fact that it is a city of infinite variety. It has innumerable aspects and each contrast sharply with some other. Paris is not only the seat of the French government and a vast and very trim fortress but also one of the gayest of cities. It contains the vilest of slums and the loveliest of parks and gardens; the meanest of insanitary houses (although they are happily becoming more and more uncommon) and the most splendid of palaces. It is a great manufacturing town a centre of education and of art and a vast museum of history.

The gaiety of Paris is one of its chief attractions although of course by no means the greatest. Nor is the gaiety confined to tourists as so many English visitors declare. The Parisians work as hard as most people but they enjoy themselves even more wholeheartedly. On a summer morning the floating swimming bath that are moored to the banks of the Seine are filled with clerk and hop attendant having a plunge before going to work. The crowd that arrives from the suburbs is very much more merry than similar English crowds.

Scene of Tragic Fame

We shall not follow the busy people to their offices, shops and factories; for conditions there are not very different from those existing in any other great city. Instead we may join a party of sight-seers and stroll along those wide very pleasant streets known as the Grands (Great) Boulevards. We notice immediately the gay little kiosk at which we can buy new papers and magazines of every kind. They stand in the shade of the pavement like large pillar boxes.

We begin our walk at the Madeleine a very beautiful church from whose steps we can catch a view of the Grand Canal with its fountains and Lavoir (washing place). A very lovely square it is to-day—one of the finest in the world—although English visitors unaccustomed to the speed of Parisian taxis must wish that it contained more refuse for timid walkers. The history of the Place is however darkened by tragedy. Here the guillotine under whose knife perished King Louis XVI Marie Antoinette and hundreds of

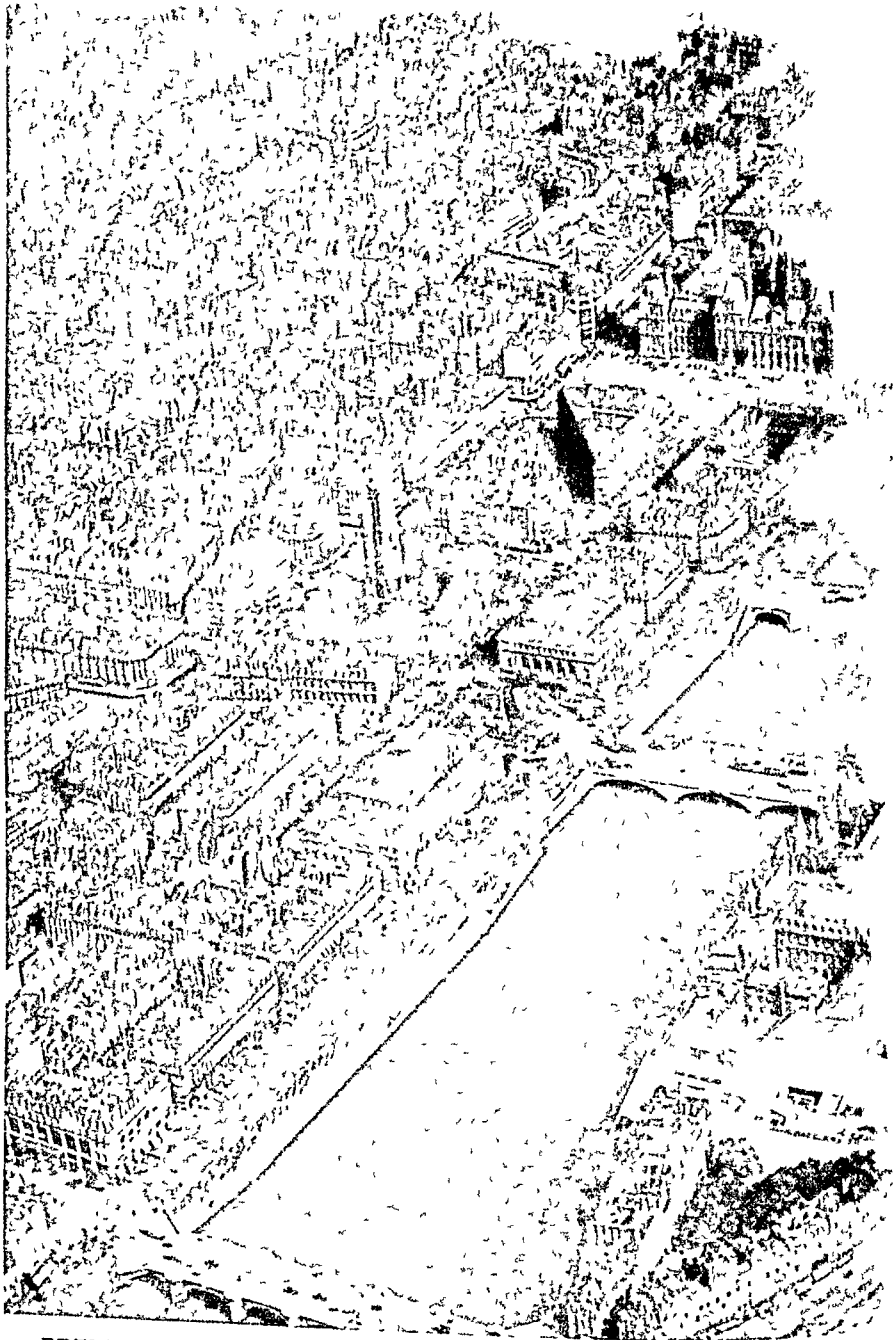


GRIM PRISON THAT HAS PLAYED ITS PART IN HISTORY
The Conciergerie is part of the Palace of Justice, and is, perhaps, the most famous prison in the world. Here were confined Queen Marie Antoinette, Robespierre and many other great figures of the French Revolution. The bell of the square tower in the foreground sounded to warn people of the Massacre of St Bartholomew in 1572.

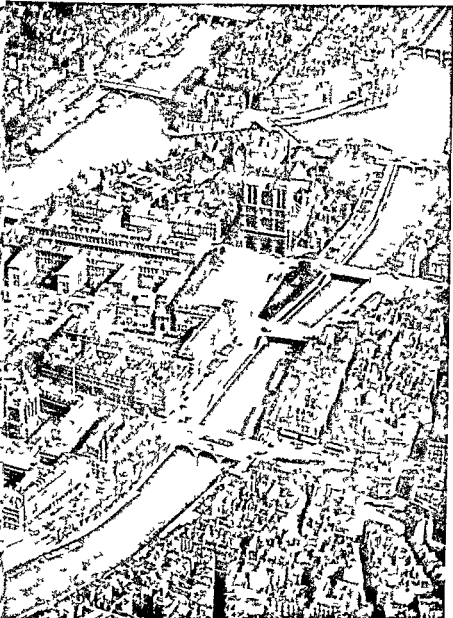


GAUNT IRON FRAMEWORK OF THE OIGANTIC PIFFELL TOWER

It is difficult to understand why the great iron framework of the Eiffel Tower is so popular. It is a very conspicuous landmark in the city. It is a very beautiful sight. Visitors can see the city from the top of the tower. There are two elevators at the base of the tower. One goes to the top of the tower. The other goes to the middle of the tower.



BETWEEN TWO ARMS OF THE SEINE, THE ISLE OF THE CITY-
The boat-shaped Isle of the City, which we see here from an aeroplane, is the oldest part of Paris. At the near end of the island is the Palace of Justice, a great, almost square block of buildings. Among them is the Sainte Chapelle, described in page 1789, which we recognize by its high, narrow form, its gleaming roof and its little slender spire.



-ON WHICH ARE MANY OF THE FAMOUS BUILDINGS OF PARIS

To the left of the Sainte Chapelle is the Conciergerie (see page 182) Beyond the Palace of Justice to the left is the Tribunal of Commerce and beyond that a large hospital the Hôtel Dieu which was founded about A.D. 660 In the right foreground with an empty white square in front of it is the magnificent medieval cathedral of Notre Dame

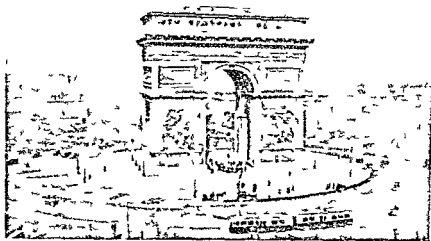


McLennan

ARCH PAISED BY NAPOLEON I. IN THE PLACE DU CARROUSEL TO COMMEMORATE HIS VICTORIES

The Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel is a model of the Arch of Severus at Rome. On it are a bronze chiseled statues of soldiers of Napoleon's army in a column representing great events in his career. The arch was once the principal entrance to the

courtyard of the Tuileries a great pleasure-palace of the kings of France that was burnt in the nineteenth century. The gardens of the Tuileries are still in existence however, and we can still enter them by passing under the arch. On the right is a part of the Louvre



MONUMENT COMMEMORATING THE MILITARY GLORY OF FRANCE

The Arc de Triomphe has a wonderful position in the heart of the city on the summit of a little hill at the western end of the long avenue of the Champs Elysees. It was originally built to celebrate the victories of France under Napoleon I. The tomb of the French Unknown Warrior of the Great War is beneath the military arch.

humble victim was set up during the French Revolution.

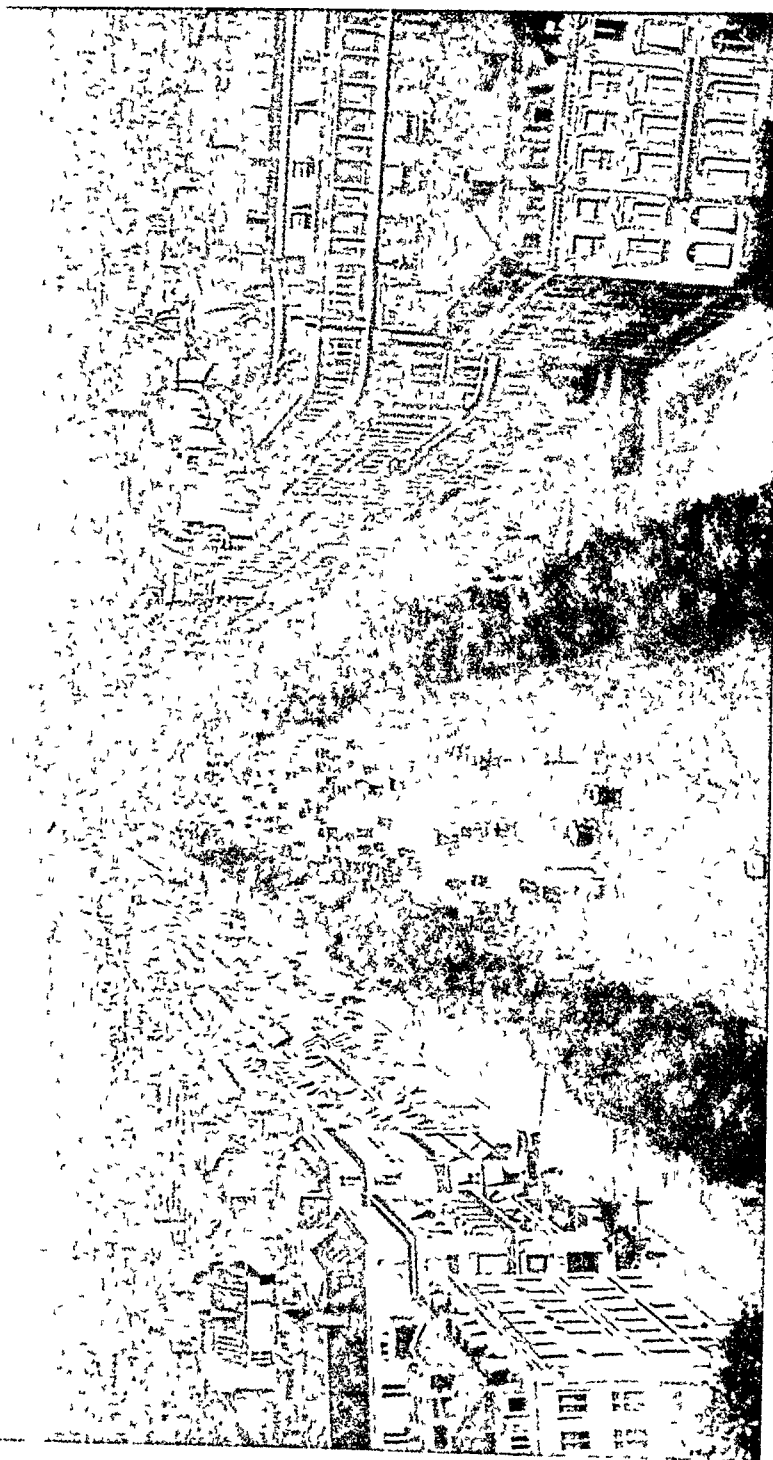
Having proceeded along the Boulevard de la Madeleine we come to the Boulevard des Italiens and here (if such things can interest us when we have a great city to explore) we see those elegant crowds that set the fashion in dress for the Western world. How many cafes we pass and how crowded they all are! In front of each little table and chairs are set on the pavement under an awning. We presently come to the Boulevard Montmartre and if we are wise we shall climb Montmartre Hill to view Paris from the huge modern church of the Sacre Coeur.

Having seen the city from this magnificent viewpoint we return once more to the Boulevard and make our way to the Porte St Denis. This is a very elaborate triumphal arch erected to commemorate the victories of Louis XIV. Le Peletier—the Sun King. It is on the site of one of the old gates of Paris. It was a very important gate for through which the French king made their first entry into their capital after their accession to the throne, and through it they were born again.

when their return was taken to the royal burial place in the church of St Denis.

When evening falls and Paris is jewelled with twinkling lights we might follow our tourist again and visit one of the many theatres or the great Opera House where we should enjoy some marvellously produced. Instead however let us go to one of the less fashionable cafes where we can sit among real Parisians. Here we can whilst listening to a band whilst they drink coffee or fruit syrups or groups of friends who come to the same table might after whilst to talk and play games. Or we might go to a haunt of artists to hear poets recite their own verses and musicians sing their own praises. Wherever we go Paris will enchant us.

We have said already that it is a great centre of education and of art. Its university the Sorbonne was a famous place of learning before either Oxford or Cambridge was founded and is still attended by very many foreign students. The district in which it is on the left or southern bank of the Seine is known as the Students or the Latin Quarter. As



LOOKING EASTWARDS ALONG THE AVENUE OF THE CHAMPS ELYSEES TO THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE
A straight, tree-fringed thoroughfare over a mile long, the Avenue of the Champs Elysees runs from the Arc de Triomphe to the wide, beautiful Place de la Concorde, beyond which are the gardens of the Tuileries and the Louvre. On both sides of a stretch of the avenue are pleasant parks, among which is a tree-dotted space that makes a favourite playground for Parisian children. Here are roundabouts, swings, sweetmeat-sellers and booths in which quaint, brightly-coloured puppets perform the most absurd and diverting plays.

we wander through its narrow old streets lined with bookshops and queer dingy restaurants we can be sure that we are walking in the footsteps of scholars, scientists and writers whose names are known in every civilized land.

Almost as famous as the Sorbonne is the School of Fine Arts. There are probably more artists in Paris than in any other city in the world and if we were to inquire we should find that many of the great painters and sculptors of every nation have received some of their training here. Paris however is not only the home of living artists; it is also a museum of art.

Treasures of Art in a King's Palace

On the opposite side of the Seine to that of the Latin Quarter is the Louvre which houses one of the finest art collections in the world. Apart from the treasures that it contains the Louvre is one of the most interesting buildings in Paris. A palace of the French kings in the days before France became a republic it is magnificent and stately and graceful beyond imagination. It is much more beautiful than the other buildings of the city that were once royal residences—the Luxembourg Palace, the Palais Royal (Royal Palace) or the Palace of the Eliseé where the French President now lives. As we turn from the busy streets into the quiet court of the Louvre we cannot but be moved by the grandeur that surrounds us.

There is only one building in Paris that equals the Louvre in magnificence and that is the cathedral of Notre Dame. It stands on an island in the middle of the Seine and we can see its two rather squat towers from distant parts of the city. We do not however realize its majesty until we approach it. Then we not only appreciate its massiveness and architectural beauty but see the wonderful carvings that everywhere adorn it. However often we may have visited the cathedral we always enter its vast dim interior with reverence. From one of the towers of Notre Dame

we see on our right front when we look westward the Palace of Justice, the rather grim exterior of which conceals an exquisite jewel—the Sainte Chapelle, an old church that many would consider one of the most perfect in existence. On our left front we notice in the distance the great golden dome of the Invalid gleaming in the sun.

Long and Romantic History of Paris

Beneath the dome is the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon I. Owing to the colour of the glass in the window the visit chamber always seems to be flooded with warm mellow light no matter how grey the sky may be. In a kind of open vault stand a huge sarcophagi very impressive in its simplicity and in the wall are placed the bones of the Emperor.

Something of the fascination of Paris is due to her long and romantic history. It has been said wittily and wisely that the history of Paris is the history of France. This does not only mean that we can understand the history of the country better by studying that of the capital but also that Paris has played a very important part in making the history of the country. Because of its river it was an important town at an early date and in Roman days—it was then called Lutetia—it was comparatively civilized and prosperous.

A Capital for 1400 Years

The founder of the French monarchy Clovis the Frank made it his chief city in 508. Except for a short period during the fifteenth century when the English held it Paris has been the capital of France ever since. In the Middle Ages its university brought it fame and its trade brought it wealth. Then the cathedral of Notre Dame was built. But its magnificence dates from the period of the Renaissance when the Hotel de Clugny was built and the Louvre begun. Later under Louis XIV who built the palace of Versailles a few miles from the city Paris became the centre of civilization. It was in Paris that nearly all the

A CITY OF ENCHANTMENT

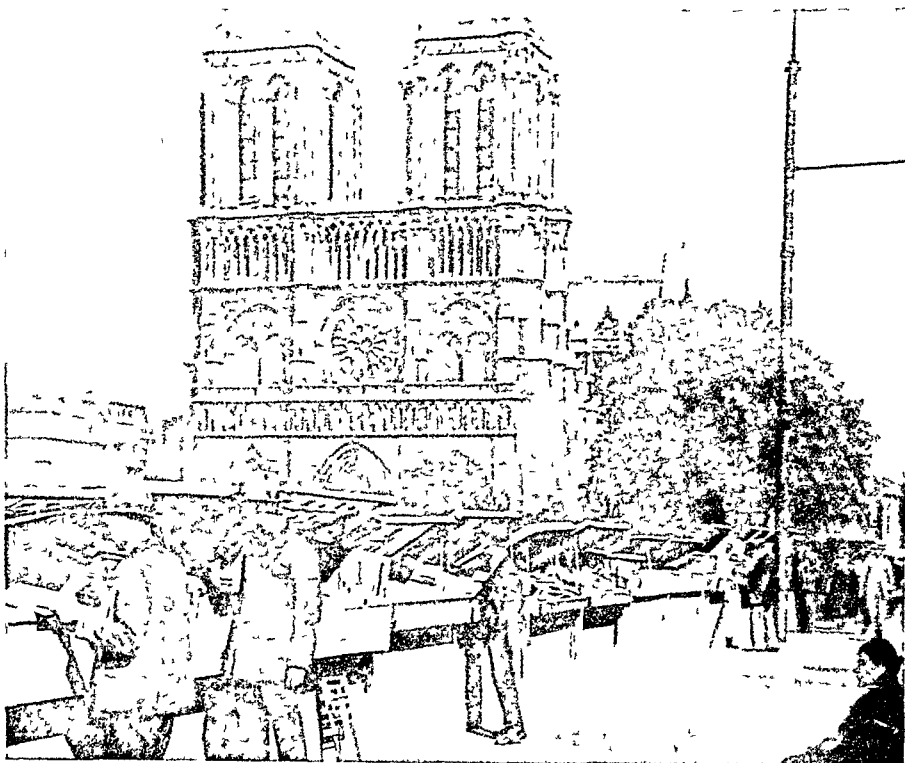
great events of the French Revolution took place. If we visit the city on the 14th of July we find it hung with flags, and everybody makes merry. This holiday commemorates the capture by the Paris mobs of the Bastille, the grim prison that was a symbol to the French people of the tyranny under which they suffered. The building was completely destroyed, but we can visit its site—the present Place of the Bastille.

Napoleon I did much to beautify his capital, building the Arc de Triomphe as a monument to France's military glory. Under this great arch is the grave of the French Unknown Warrior. After the defeat of the Emperor at Waterloo, Paris was humiliated by the entrance into it of the victorious British and Prussians.

It soon recovered, however, and under Napoleon III. it became very gay and prosperous. In 1870 it was besieged by the Prussian armies, and resisted fiercely.

Even after it had surrendered in 1871, the troubles of Paris were not at an end. The Communists attempted to seize the city, and for two months waged war in the streets. The damage that they did to buildings was irreparable. The suppression of these rebels brought peace to the city, however, and although it was shelled and bombed by the Germans during the Great War, it was not seriously harmed.

Once again Paris is at peace and is recovering all its gaiety. Its charm is as compelling as ever, whoever doubts it has only to visit the city to be converted and to become its lover.



RIVERSIDE BOOKSTALLS HAUNTED BY BARGAIN SEEKERS

On the left bank of the River Seine, from the Pont Double, near Notre Dame, to the Quai d'Orsay, very many dealers in second-hand books have their little stalls fixed to the stone parapet overlooking the river. Great bargains may often be found at them.

Behind the stalls shown here we see the front of Notre Dame, with its two towers

Galloway

What Other People Eat

COOKERY AND COOKS FROM FAR AND NEAR

All kinds of things must eat and drink or they will die but no animal eats so
 great a variety of foods—so many kinds—as man. A whole herd of
 sheep eat the food of a man. No one part of the body of
 a man is not eaten. We learn that the people of the world eat
 what the Lord knows of food in the flesh or with plants. The people
 of the Magyars. Man unlike all other animals has the wit to be wiser
 and this helps him to tell us of the things which he does this

WHEN we hear complaints about the difficulty of finding good cooks in countries like Great Britain where inventors have done so much to help the cook by producing marvellous things in the way of cooking appliances we may wonder how it is that people who are less fortunately placed are able to prepare anything that they can eat. Yet in less favoured countries we often find that the cookery is almost invariably satisfactory and that all cooks are clever. The method followed may be primitive but the results are all that can be desired.

An example of this is the story told by a very old lady who during her early married life went to live in Texas which was then a region of vast wheat fields and ranches. She found there but one kind of cooking vessel—an iron pot with a tripod which had to be buried in hot ashes with more embers heaped over it. When first she saw this she said that she despised every product, a good loaf or a well roasted joint but she soon had to admit that in some singular way this method of cooking brought out the flavour of the flour or meat as no other method she had known had ever done.

A Pie with a Crust of Clay

Another simple mode of cooking is that of the hunter who builds a big bonfire to obtain a thick bed of red hot bricks and embers. While waiting for that to burn he makes a part of wet clay to encase his food. He takes care to let out the blood but does not trouble to remove the fat or fur. As soon as the fire has burnt through he buries the clay pie in the embers and leaves it for an hour or perhaps two. When the ball of clay is broken open

the fatter or fur comes away with it leaving the flesh of the bird or animal perfectly cooked.

There is still another way still well employed by folk who live very much in the open air. They pave their cooking place with smooth flat stones or beat the stones until it is very hard and smooth. Here they build a fire and when it has burnt out they sweep the place clean and lay the dish or the meat on the hot stones or ground and cover it thickly first with leaves then with the hot ashes and leave it to bake.

Crude Methods in Modern Kitchens

Foresters and charcoal burners were the first to discover how well an iron bar could burn hot embers served for cooking and frying and in many a French and Italian kitchen to-day a brazier preferred by the skilled cook to either a gas or even an electric apparatus. In the Italian kitchen there is generally an old man or woman who helps to keep the embers red hot by blowing the bellows. The French chef too will often prefer to use his bellows as the laundress called when he wants to make a really good omelette. Thus in the most modern cities there is something left of the primitive and we are not therefore surprised to learn that the Lusitanian peasant sometimes bakes bread a la mode of the primitive bake bread.

In the Caucasus even of the great delicacies a meat grilled over a hot charcoal fire. The meat is very fresh killed and is cut into cubes which are placed on an iron skewer. The skewer is held over the red hot embers until the meat is wonderfully cooked.

In Hungary a very popular dish is gulya. This consists of beef or mutton



INDIANS OF BENGAL USE BANANA LEAVES AS PLATES

Barber

Knives and forks and plates are dispensed with by the peasants in India. They put their curry and rice upon a leaf and squat before it, conveying the food to their mouths with the right hand. They have only two meals a day, one in the morning and another in the evening. The Hindus eat no meat, in accordance with their religion.



CUSTOMERS GATHERED AT AN OPEN-AIR RESTAURANT IN NAPLES

E.N.A.

People who patronise this restaurant must either eat out of their hands or wait till one of the few plates is not in use. Many of the Italian dishes are flavoured with garlic, which having a very strong, onion-like smell and taste, makes them rather unpalatable to many people who are unaccustomed to such methods of cooking.



LITTLE BOWLS OF RICE APPEAR AT ALL MEALS IN SIAM

With the Siamese as with nearly all Eastern races rice is the staple food and a bowl two of it will form a meal. The rice these people are eating is probably the same color as it will not be so red as the rice we know. As a rule the grain is simply boiled in water and then heaped up into the bowl.



COOKS BUSY PREPARING FOOD FOR AN HAWAIIAN BANQUET

One of the favorite dishes of the Hawaiian is a pig cooked by earth oven. The

fast in the Hawaiian Islands is a very good one. The food is made of a kind of bread, which is made of the highest water and is of a



Barber

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COOKS BUSY PREPARING FOOD FOR AN HAWAIIAN BANQUET

One of the favourite dishes at a feast in the Hawaiian Islands is a pig roasted with the pig's head being placed on stones, which are made red-hot by the use of an earth oven. The Hawaiians are very fond of luau, which is a very popular feast to which each guest contributes some kind of food.



KOREAN FAMILY READY TO DO AMPLE JUSTICE TO THE MARVELOUS FEAST BEFORE THEM

Though the family is very large, only gigantic appetites will enable them to make any impression upon the piles of sweetmeats, fruits and nuts that have been placed before them. A Korean fast lasts throughout the day, so the participants have an opportunity to recover their appetites for a fresh onslaught upon the viands. Usually the food of the Koreans is plain. The principal item of diet is rice. A popular dish called *kimche* consists of cabbages mixed with red pepper oysters, oil and garlic, the mixture being kept for two months



Underwood

TAKING A MEAL IN A SPOTLESSLY CLEAN JAPANESE INN

Before the "nesan," or waitress, is a wooden tub of rice, and upon the low table and the trays may be some delicacies such as boiled fish, sweet potatoes, shrimps, water-melon, rice cakes, and beans and prunes in sugar. Pale tea will also be served as a matter of course. High tables are seldom found in Japan, and cushions serve as chairs.

cut into cubes, with fried bacon and onions added and a flavouring of caraway seeds, spices and paprika, or red pepper. The mixture is put into a pot and stewed slowly. When it is nearly cooked, raw potatoes, cut into cubes, are put in and the stewing is continued. A little salt is added with the potatoes, but not before.

What surprises us most of all when we go abroad, especially among the people of European countries, is the extraordinarily simple fare that satisfies most of them. It is only on feast days that we find extravagance or variety. A

Spaniard, for instance, even of quite high rank, has his morning cup of chocolate, with a morsel of dry bread and a glass of water at eight. At about one o'clock he takes his heaviest meal, which consists of broth with vegetables, very like the Frenchman's "bouillon," followed by another dish of vegetables and fruit. A cup of coffee is drunk in the afternoon, and supper consists of cooked vegetables, lettuce salads, cheese and fruit.

In Italy, too, meals are quite simple affairs among the workers. A group of labourers, for instance, will squat

down and share a loaf of dry dark looking bread a piece of cheese and a flask of wine. If some fruit is to be had well and good if not an onion or a bit of garlic or a few ripe olives will serve as a relish.

As a rule the peasants get very little fresh milk or fresh meat. Their bread is

made chiefly of rye flour which is sometimes mixed with maize or barley. In some part of France the people live for months on chestnut eating, the maize vegetable or grinding them into flour for bread. In the land of southern Europe olive oil often takes the place of butter. The hard unleavened bread-cake



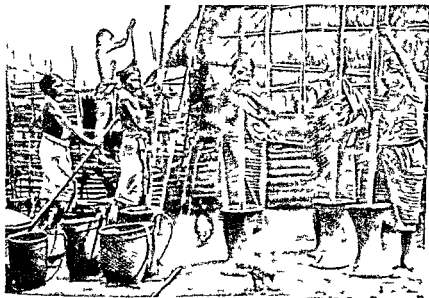
INDIAN OF BRAZIL SQUEEZING THE POISON FROM HER FOOD

The root of the manioc or cassava plant contains prussic acid which is a deadly poison. In order to get rid of the poison the peeled roots are put to a great cylinder or end of which is attached to a movable pole. The girl is moving the pole up and down which causes the cylinder to contract and expand so squeezing out the poisonous juice.



NATURE'S OVENS IN THE SOIL OF VOLCANIC ICELAND

Iceland contains many volcanoes and hot springs, and in some districts the earth is so hot just below the surface. The women dig hollows into which they put their kettles, but a kettle containing a half of lard is a compensation for the discomforts of living on a volcanic island where all the flour has to be imported.



POUNDED RICE FORMS THE EVENING MEAL OF THE MOIS

The Moises of Annam eat enormous quantities of boiled pounded rice and in the afternoon see the women of a village crushing the paddy with large wooden pestles. The Moises do not grow enough rice to last them throughout the year and so for certain periods they eat bamboo shoots which also form an article of diet in China.



SIMPLE VILLAGE-OVEN USED BY THE GREEK PEASANT WOMEN

Peasant women in Greece have to make and bake their own bread, so every village has its oven. These ovens are shaped like huge ant-hills and are made of clay. The children watch the fire and the batch of loaves to see that they do not burn. The women cannot all use the oven at once, but have to await their turn.

much liked in Spain, is very poor compared with the large, round disks that are baked by the thousand, wrapped in paper and cartons and stored by the Swedish housewife. Formerly she baked her own, but nowadays all bread is baked in special factories or bakeries, where the most hygienic conditions are assured.

A great contrast with this dry, hard bread is furnished by rice, which is the daily fare of most Asiatic peoples. In China, Japan, Korea and Siam the people live almost wholly on rice.

Rice is nourishing but most monotonous, and to help to relieve its monotony

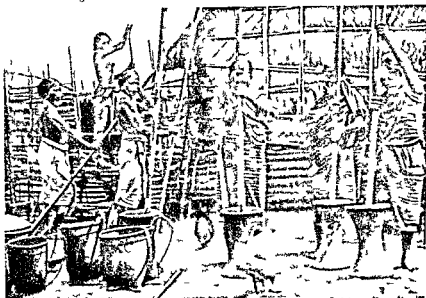
many devices have been employed. In China they use fish, meat, poultry and various spices as condiments. In Siam the people make a curious sauce called "namphrik," which is made with red peppers, shrimps, prawns, garlic and onions, salt, water and lemon juice. This is served with the rice.

In India ordinary mulhigatunny—to give it its proper spelling—is correctly described by the two Tamil words which make the name, molegaa, or pepper, and tunnee, or water. It is actually pepper-water, consisting mainly of chillies and garlic and pepper boiled with water.



NATURE'S OVENS IN THE SOIL OF VOLCANIC ICELAND

Iceland contains many volcanoes and hot passages of steam just below the surface. The women dig shallow holes to heat potatoes. Each bucket contains a loaf of bread. The women dig a hole for the bread into the soil of living on a volcanic island. All the four holes to be reported.



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The Mo of Annam eat enormous quantities of boiled pounded rice and with it they eat the soup of a village crushing the paddy with huge wooden poles. The rice does not grow enough rice to last them throughout the year and so for certain periods they eat bamboo shoots which also form an article of diet in it.



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Through Tropic Fairylands

THE MALAYS OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIES

Java S matra C f bes—t m nt n but a f of th l nd n t t
gr up k own is the Dut h East l d s—w l t a f a n a t i t t
stem to l l d f v e r y b o d y t T h e s e i l a d p o s a l l t h e g l o w i t t
E t—m a g n i f i c e n t p r a c e s w d f l p a l a c n n t t p l d k i t
i f n t f s t s i m p e t r a b l a n d d a g r u s j u l e s—l t l g h J
h e m o n e o f t h e c h i s u g a r r i c n d r i b b e p r o d u g e t o f t h e
l r g e p r t o n s o f t h e o t h l a n d r e m a i f l o r d M t f t l p e p
a f M a l a y n s t c k l v g p e a e f u l l y s i d b a s t w i t h t h r l t t q c
l t s o f t h t b e s t l l m a n u s b d u i a n i e m p a t l k
W s a l l r e a d a b o u t t h e i s l a n d s o f J a v a B a l i S r i l a M t d C i
i n t h e c l a p t t h p e o p l o f B o r n e o l v b n i l t s t h n t l i t
T h e M a n o f t h e B l p p

THE isles of the Dutch East Indies wonderful fairyland of colour lying between the Malay Peninsula and Australia are really the highest peaks of a vast partly submerged volcanic mountain range. They consist of Java and Madura Sumatra Borneo which is dealt with elsewhere Celebe and innumerable small islands. In these lovely islands we shall find many different peoples some wearing gorgeous clothes stiff with jewel and others wearing the simplest cotton garments or hardly anything at all.

Brilliant flowers wonderfully coloured birds and graceful trees and magnificent plantations make the East Indies almost indecribably beautiful. The greater part of these islands belongs to the Netherlands the most important of them is Java which contains nearly four fifths of the entire population. The governor general resides at its capital Batavia.

Although Java does not look very big on a map and is much smaller than many of the other islands it is more than four times the size of the Netherlands. The population consists mainly of Javanese though there are many Europeans mostly Dutch and Chinese who are the traders.

A Naturalists Paradise

The Dutch officials regard the East Indies as their home even when they retire. They do not go back to the Netherlands except on leave so that they take a personal as well as a political interest in the administration of the

islands. They understand the very well and help them to get rid of their land.

The most striking feature of the beautiful country is the beautiful scenery. The trees and shrubs grow to enormous sizes and the flowers and birds are of dazzling and diverse colours. More than four hundred different kinds of brightly hued birds including the peacock are found in the island Java. A paradise for the naturalist some of the strangest creatures are birds and flowers have yet to be given names and no doubt there are many still to be discovered.

Horses Fed on Bananas

Many kinds of fruit grow plentifully there are for instance over seven hundred different kinds of banana to be found in Java. These range from little on the size of a finger to those as long as a man's arm. The Javanese feed their horses upon the big ones in order to give them glossy coats.

Everywhere wonderful plantations are to be seen cultivated and harvested by the Dutch upon which Mangoes coconuts pineapples pears and many other kinds of delicious fruit grow at their best. The Dutch and Javanese take coffee and cocoa to be a beautiful fragrance and taste that they seem to lose when they are exported. Strange sweet smelling pie of which the natives are very fond scent the air. A network of splendid railways which has been made by European engineers links up the plantation and towns.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE EAT

...d rice and fried onions, ... dish of the Indian. His ... although it is a rich and ... concoction is mainly an ac- ... to much rice, and kitchri, ... is boiled rice enriched with ... egg and minced fish, ... with pepper and salt, lemon ... conditions. In the Far East the ... of a certain swallow and a kind of ... or hêche-de-mer, are considered great delicacies.

As a rule Asiatics take only two meals a day. The main dish at each meal is one of rice or sometimes of maize millet or barley, with which they eat cooked vegetables hot sauces like curry, and fruit. By the higher caste Hindus a rigid vegetarianism is practised, but Mahomedans eat meat when they can afford it. Salted and dried fish is much liked and fruits, such as melons and pumpkins are very popular.

Tibetans and other Mongols, however, fare quite differently. The basis of their diet is the never-ending cup of tea, but it is a fearsome brew being mixed

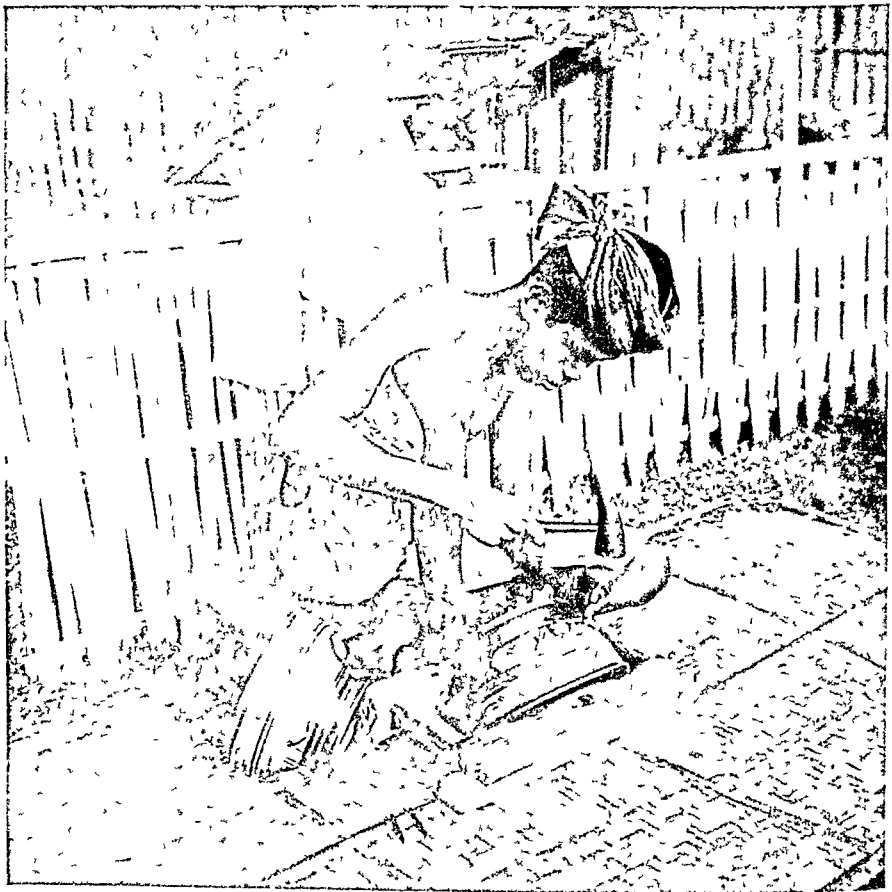
with butter and salt. The chief meal is taken in the evening and consists of meat that has been dried and then cooked in milk, eaten with tea and cheese. Of late years they have begun to grow rye and barley and to make cakes and a sort of bread, but tea and meat are their chief articles of diet.

Most native peoples have sufficient forethought to provide themselves with food against a time of scarcity by drying fish or meat in the sun, and, where salt is known, by curing it. People who live on islands depend very much on what the sea yields them, and although they may not appear to be guided by any good reason, it is nevertheless true that a native will often discover a source of food by intuition in circumstances in which a white man would starve. But some races eat things that would be most repulsive to us. There is the blubber—rav seals' fat—that the Eskimo crams into his mouth, and there are the tadpoles and water-beetles, moths and locusts, spiders and caterpillars with which the folk of Madagascar flavour their rice.



YOUNG AND OLD DEFTLY USE CHOPSTICKS IN CHINA

In China, Japan and Korea, food is conveyed to the mouth by means of chopsticks, which may be made of wood, bone or ivory. We should need a great deal of practice before we could manipulate them successfully. Of course, the meat, fish and vegetables have to be cut up into small pieces before appearing at the table.



ARTISTIC WORKER IN BRASS IN THE TOWN OF SURABAYA

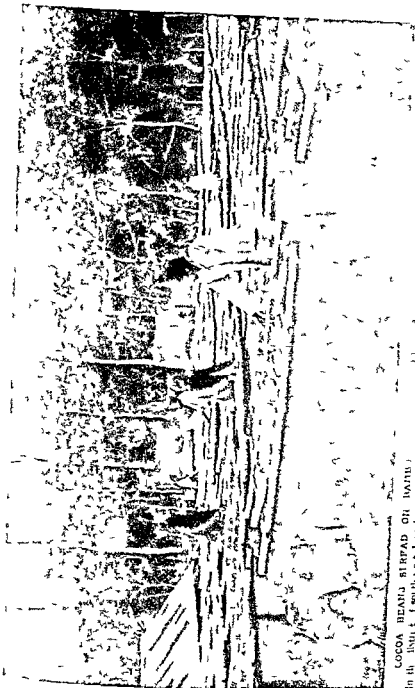
The Javanese are skilful workers in metal and produce very beautiful objects with their simple tools. This man, who dwells in the chief town of east Java, is chiselling an intricate pattern on a brass bowl which he steadies with his bare foot. We have only to look at page 1809 to see what marvels his kinsmen can fashion in gold.

Wide roads, such as are very seldom found in the East, make motoring through the delightful scenery very pleasant.

The natives although rather small, are very graceful strong and well-built people. They are a branch of the Malay race and are intelligent, kind and extremely polite. As the cultivated part of Java, which occupies more than one-third of the whole island, is covered with vast plantations of rice, coffee, sugar-cane, etc., the natives are nearly all agriculturists. They live in villages or "kampongs" as they are called and each village may contain from thirty to five hundred inhabitants who live happily and peacefully tilling

the land. They are generally paid a small but sufficient wage by the Dutch. Even the little villages are very beautiful and are often surrounded by groves of palms, which sometimes quite hide the low, one-storey huts.

The houses are built of teak or bamboo, with thatched roofs, so that the native has nothing to fear from earthquakes, which in these volcanic regions are frequent. If his house gets shaken down he soon builds a new one. Very often each hut has a flower-garden in front of it, which adds considerably to its picturesque appearance. Sometimes there are Chinese coolies in the villages, too, but they live



COCOA BEANS BIRD ON NESTS

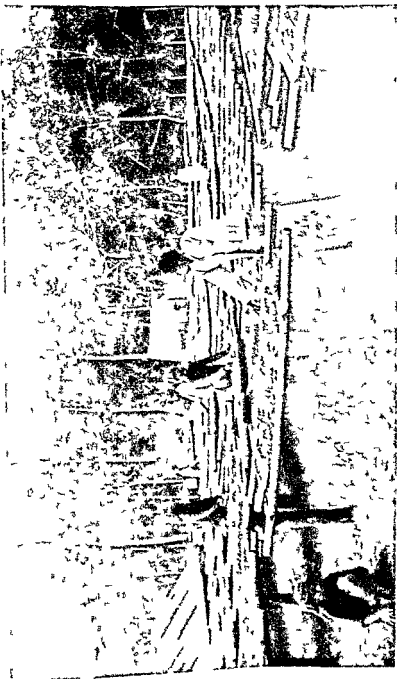
In the list of the birds of the Java Archipelago
 only a few are known to
 nest in the trees—exactly
 the same as the birds of the island in general



Louis

MADURESE WOMEN WHO HAVE COME TO JAVA TO WORK IN A COFFEE WAREHOUSE

Little Madura Island, off the north-east coast of Java is not very productive, but its inhabitants are very hard workers. They go over to Java to help in the plantations and to sort the coffee berries. The fruit of the coffee tree is rather like a cherry so that is what it is called. But inside it there is not one stone, but two seeds—coffee beans. The "cherry" growing at the tip of a twig sometimes has only one seed which is then round and so is called a "peaberry". These Madurese coolies are sorting the beans examining each one separately.



COROA BRASS SPREAD ON BAMBOO TRIPLES SOON DRY IN THE SUN

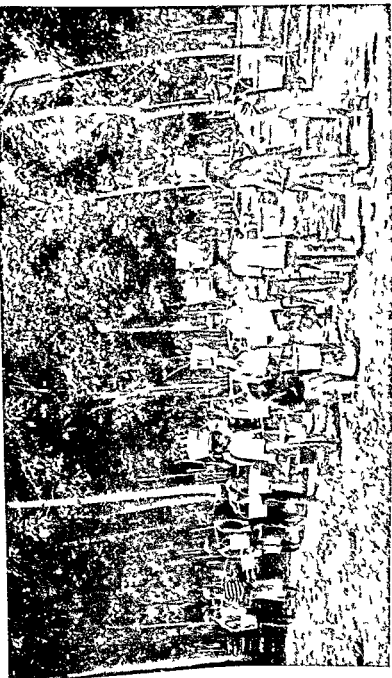
In the southwest Java known as the Brass Triples
 the brass is spread on bamboo triples and
 in the sun in the morning and in the afternoon
 it dries and is then used for making brass



MADURESE WOMEN WHO HAVE COME TO JAVA TO WORK IN A COFFEE WARLHOUSE.
 Little Madura Island off the north-east coast of Java, is not very productive, but its inhabitants are very hard workers. They go over to Java to help in the plantations and to sort the coffee berries. The fruit of the coffee tree is rather like a cherry, so that it is when it is called "cherry" growing at the top of a tall sometimes but only one seed which is then rubbed and dried to produce the coffee. These Madurese women are sorting the berries, and among them one is seen sorting the seed.



TO HARVEST THE RICE, THEIR CHIEF FOOD, OLD AND YOUNG SPEND LONG DAYS IN THE PADDY FIELDS. Growing rice in Java, where it is summer all the year round, is very different from growing corn in temperate lands. Ploughing and sowing and reaping have not each its season, but are done at any time of the year. One field is being harvested while the next is being sown, in another the paddy stands half grown, and in yet a fourth even wade knee-deep in watery mud, drawing queer, wooden ploughs. Then every field yields not one crop, but two or even three, so that a family in possession of wide paddy fields must needs be hardworking



NEARING THE END OF THEIR WORK COOLIES CARRYING THE DAYS YIELD OF RUBBER TO THE FACTORY
 Full-timers are grown in Java and the price is well up the
 market of the trees of the day that we are
 the age 1957 The Javanese however don't import Indian co-
 to the work as to the Malay Malays for although they are of the same

THROUGH TROPIC FAIRYLANDS

The food of the Javanese is rice, of which is a laborious though the climatic conditions are favorable. The people often live deep in mud, which is the home of When they gather the are forced to work for days in the sun, cutting off the ears of rice by one, such an implement is almost unknown.

Tigers as Friends and Enemies

The Javanese love hunting and fishing. Sometimes a hunter may be so fortunate as to kill a tiger, for which he will receive a government bounty. He may sell the skin, but first of all he will pull out the teeth, claws and whiskers, which are considered to be very powerful aids against evil spirits.

Some tigers may not be killed, because the people believe them to be powerful friends who watch over their interests and frighten away other tigers. They think that the spirit of an ancestor is in such a tiger. Wild pigs and deer are often to be seen, reptiles, including crocodiles, infest the dark swamps, and edible fishes swarm in the rivers and coastal waters. With these sources of food at their disposal, the Javanese need not work very hard to obtain a living, although the Dutch are gradually teaching them to obtain the best from their land.

A Race of Spendthrifts

They cling to their old, slow methods of agriculture, and the Dutch do not mind them doing so, as it gives work to everyone and keeps them happily employed. The Javanese never save any money, for they squander it on festivals and feasts, which they hold at every opportunity.

They are Mahomedans, but they still observe some of the old Hindu rites. The women and children are especially devout, and frequently go to the temples to pray and to take offerings to the priests.

Batavia is by far the most important town in the East Indies and is situated in one of the biggest sugar, rice and rubber

producing centres of the world. The city is quite modern, there are excellent railways running hence to all parts of the island, and a telegraph system has been in use since 1858. Native police direct the passage of motor cars, and there are many excellent schools where the wonderfully polite children are educated by European and native teachers.

Before the glittering harbour of Batavia is reached, we can smell the almost overpowering scent of spices that is wafted from the island. A train takes us from the harbour to the best part of the town where there are good hotels, telephones and other European comforts. Fine houses and offices, built in the Dutch style, are to be seen. There are well laid out squares and gardens, and wide roads where Europeans in white, and Chinese, Malays and Javanese, in their coloured clothes, are to be seen.

How the Javanese Dress

Many of the Javanese women living in the larger towns wear European clothes, so do some of the men. The usual garment of the women, however, is the sarong—a wide piece of cloth fastened under the armpits and reaching nearly to the ground. When in public they also wear a short coat, with a scarf draped over the shoulders or tied round the waist. The women fasten their hair in a tight knot with pins, the men wear a little turban. Rings and bracelets are worn by men and women, and the children frequently have anklets. The native costumes make the streets of Batavia scenes of colourful animation.

The old Dutch buildings, some of which were built in the seventeenth century, are well worth seeing. The city church is over two hundred years old, and has a fine pulpit and carvings. The imposing town-hall dates from 1710. By the Tiger Canal is the Chinese quarter, where live some thirty thousand Chinese—shopkeepers, hawkers and labourers—and here the buildings and bazaars are Chinese. Gaudy joss houses, or temples, with their idols, make quite a different scene.



THIS YOUNG DANCER is her first time to perform in the field of the dance. She is a young girl, only 11 years old, who is a member of the royal family. She is wearing a beautiful costume, which is made of gold and silver. She is also wearing a large, ornate headdress, which is made of many feathers. She is sitting cross-legged on the floor, and her hands are resting on her lap. She has a serious expression on her face, and she is looking directly at the camera.



Smithsonian Institute

WINDOWLESS DWELLING OF THE HEADMAN OF A PAGET VILLAGE

South Paget, or Nassau Island is the most southerly of an archipelago that lies off the south-west coast of Sumatra. The people who dwell here are very primitive and are believed to be not Malays but descendants of aboriginal Polynesians. The jungle lies at the very doors of this pile-supported dwelling. A causeway leads to the door.

After Batavia, Semarang and Surabaya are the chief towns. Surabaya is linked up east and west by good railways and is the headquarters of the military authorities. Here are the old, half-ruined fortifications which were built years ago by the Dutch.

In the centre of Java are two strange states which are called Jokja and Solo—short for Jokjakarta and Soerakarta. These are governed by a sultan and king respectively and the old medieval forms of courtesy and court etiquette are still practised as they were hundreds of years ago. Time seems to have stood still here. The court nobles still wear their gorgeous uniforms and state trappings, and the palaces and buildings look like those described in fairy tales.

Although the king and sultan still reign, they themselves have to obey the Dutch officials and are rulers more in name than in reality.

At Jokja there are over a thousand temples, and strangely carved ruins add to the general picturesqueness. Here the chief industry is the weaving and dyeing of the beautiful cloth that is famous in

Java. The cloth is woven without a loom and the wonderful patterns are made very tediously by dyeing the cloth after the patterns have been covered with a wax that keeps out the dye. The work is known as batik.

At Boro Budur, in the centre of the island, are marvellous ruins dating back to the ninth century. They are relics of an ancient Hindu-Buddhist civilization that existed before the Arabs swept through the land in the fifteenth century. The ruins cover a small hill and are pyramidal in shape, mounting up the hillside in a series of terraces. There are five terraces and on them are the marvellous carvings that have made Boro Budur so famous. It has been estimated that there are three miles of carvings. The building of the temple must have been an even more stupendous task than the erection of the Great Pyramid in Egypt.

To the east of Java is a chain of islands, of which each one is beautiful and possesses strange and wonderful scenery. The largest and most important is the volcanic island of Bali, which is peopled by natives similar to those of Java, but